THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXII. No. 1724

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

FEB. 4, 1933

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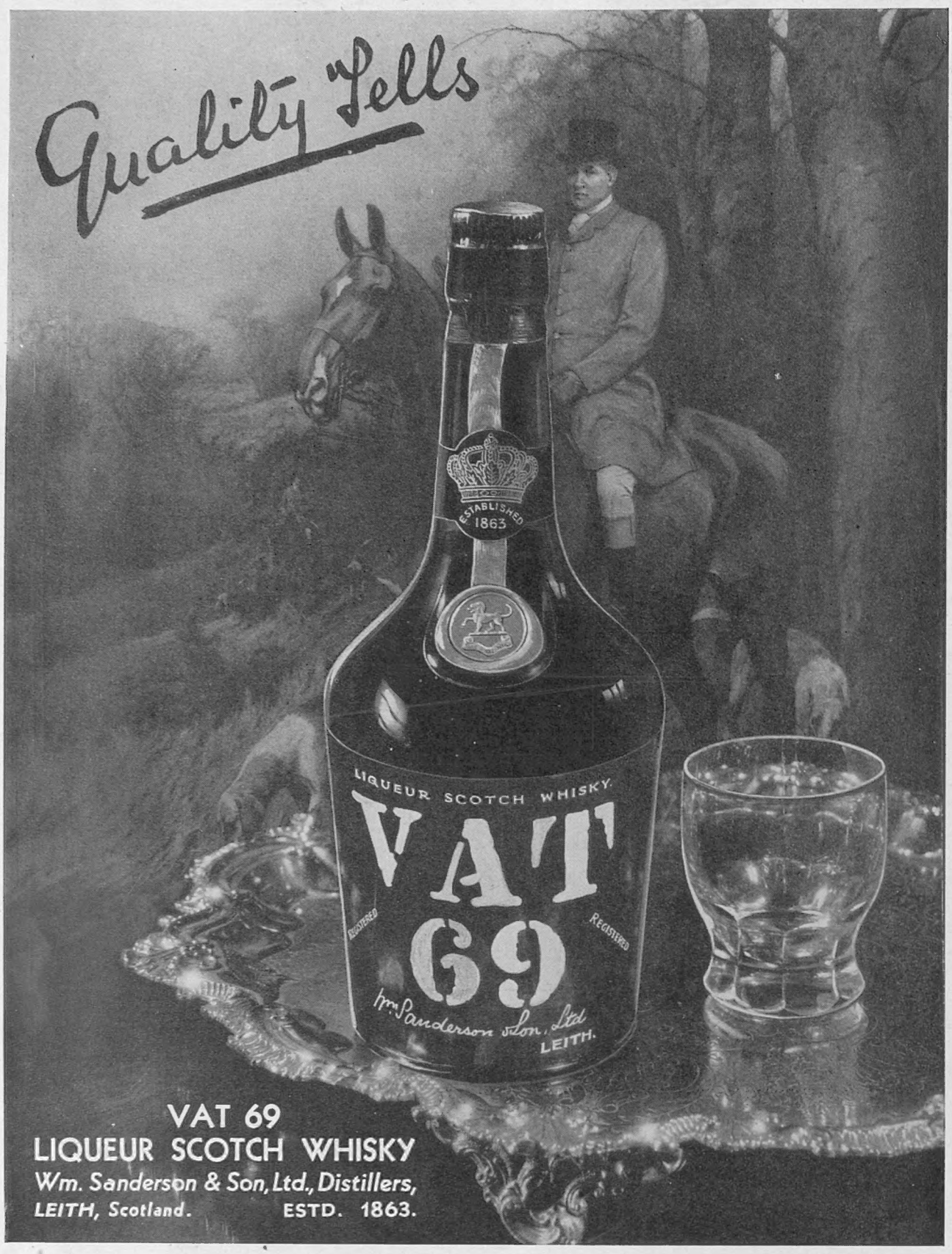

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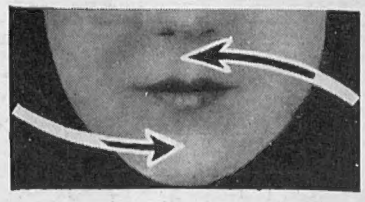

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, February 4, 1933

PREPARING FOR THE EVEREST FLIGHT

The Marquess of Clydesdale Tests Out His Electrically-Heated Flying Suit

One of the most thrilling adventures in the world lies in the conquest of Mount Everest, the giant peak of the Himalayas, which, ever since its first discovery by western explorers, has defied the ingenuity and the hardihood of the various expeditions, who time and time again have risked their lives in an effort to attain to the unknown. Now at last it seems, through the generosity of Lady Houston, we are to learn as much in a few hours of the mysteries of the giant Himalaya as would otherwise have taken years of patient pioneer endeavour over almost impenetrable terrain. Our picture shows the Marquess of Clydesdale testing the electrically-heated flying suit which he will wear during the expedition. The suit is a one-piece overall of cold-resisting and waterproof Everest cloth, is lined with kapok, and contains electrical heating elements sewn about an inch apart in the inner lining. Particular attention has been paid to the gloves of these suits, each of which contains two electrical units, thus allowing free circulation in the hands of the flyers, upon the speed of whose manipulation of the cameras depends the ultimate success of the flight

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

AT THE CHURCH OF WEDDING BELLS: Mr. Percy Guy Illingworth, nephew of Lord Illingworth, with his bride, Miss Margaret Dixson, daughter of the late Captain T. S. Dixson of the Coldstream Guards, outside St. Margaret's, Westminster

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 1, 1933.

THE GREEN REPUBLIC.—As it proved, the Free State was full of 100 per cent. Irishmen who plumped for the great ideal and did not give a damn for the dirty money. Fianna Fail has triumphed, and Mr. de Valera must now prepare to deliver the goods, even those items shoved into his shop window on the last night of the January sales, and hardly out of their wrappings. An out-and-out Republic! The Republican organs will never let that great ideal sleep, though there is plenty of urgent work to keep the victorious prophet busy, and worries enough to score still deeper lines of care round those perplexed eyes which stare through the tortoise-shell glasses, darkly, the eyes of a very sincere idealist and able demagogue. The Oath must go, the Senate must go, the Empire tie must go. And those who are materially-minded enough to give a thought to the dirty money, add regretfully, trade must go. The farmer, the brewer, the motor-car manufacturer, the shipping interests stand aghast and damn all idealists. And even the idealists, themselves must occasionally turn their eyes to the North and remember the existence of a terribly obstinate, strong, and resolute obstacle to the realization of the perfect, the ideal gem—the Emerald Solitaire. Such famous stones, all unique jewels, have histories writ in blood, and the Emerald Solitaire would be no exception. But there is first a long row to hoe. A day or two of carnival, waving banners, devising the colour scheme for a new banner. But after that, to business. There is always a Budget even in ideal States.

WAR DEBTS.—If Mr. Chamberlain's trenchant and clear exposition of the War Debts problem, from the world viewpoint, was not an effort, agreeable to American statesmen, to assist in the task of educating the American nation, it was a risky utterance at this delicate juncture. But it was no risky utterance. It was made after careful preparation, and had the approval of all Americans capable of taking the wide view. It is an urgent task at the moment not only for American statesmen and experienced financiers, but for the Governments and public men of Europe, to take in hand this education of Congress and the American nation, in order that they may see the problem as something more than back-yard economics, and remove the present impossible difficulties which prevent their Government from restoring prosperity to America by giving back confidence to Europe. Mr. Roosevelt has done all he can at the moment and more than was expected. He feels, as we feel, that no settlement which may come of his invitation to the debtor nations which have honoured their obligations can be of the smallest value to civilization unless it is final (that is, that whether it be a total concellation or an agreed modification on a large scale, the question must never again be raised), and unless it disposes for ever of any resumption of claims on German Reparation payments.

LABOUR'S CHIEF HANDICAP.—The whole history of the Labour movement in England is tinged, as its progress has time and again been arrested, by one outstanding failing—the inability of the rank and file to trust their chosen leaders. It is the same story from top to bottom, from the village institute to the great trade union amalgamations. Suspicion and disloyalty render the task of conciliation unnecessarily difficult for Labour leaders and employers' representatives alike. The Labour leader wins a concession and makes a bargain for the men, pledges the honour of his union to the employers, and sometimes finds himself dishonoured as the result of the mischief-making of a hot-head at a pot-house meeting. The whole *raison d'être* of the trade union movement was to secure a fair field and an equal opportunity for collective bargaining between employer and employed, and to that end the working man year after year contributes hard-earned money of which he has urgent daily need. An unauthorized strike is exactly like paying a fire insurance premium for ten years, ceasing to pay the eleventh annual premium and setting fire to the house instead. And the justice of the agreed bargain is not and cannot be examined to find an excuse for the dishonourable act of breaking it. In the recent bus strike, now happily ended, an unpalatable alternative to a reduction in wages was accepted by the union as an inevitable if unhappy expedient in bad times, and the leaders' acceptance was the voice of the whole body of workers. As such the employers accepted it, and once more they found that they were negotiating with men of straw. Until Labour can find leaders whom the rank and file will trust, or until the rank and file can learn discipline, obedience, and loyalty, Labour in England will never make a consistent advance. It will be pushed up by the pendulum of political reaction, only to drop quickly down when the force of the upswing is exhausted.

THE HOUSING PROBLEM.—This month the Housing Bill will occupy a good deal of the time of Parliament. Meanwhile useful efforts have been made by Press and B.B.C. to give the public some idea of what the problem is and how grave is the present scandal. In a sense, the Housing Scandal is a direct legacy of war, because building ceased during the war, just as emigration ceased, to the increase of unemployed persons. But the slum scandal is centuries old, and it is fair to say that the lack of suitable houses is not even to-day the sole cause of its continuance. A model dwelling might still, in rare cases, become an overcrowded hovel in no time if the lowest elements, not yet educated out of the slum habit, could have their way with it, unchecked by regulations. But this fact, even if such cases were common, should stimulate rather than discourage the work which cries out to be done. The problem is in part an educational one, but the shortage of houses let at suitable rents is hideous enough. Since the war the number of houses built at rents between 15s. to 20s. has admittedly been satisfactory. But unfortunately it is not this type of house which touches the slum problem. It is the 10s. a week house that alone can deal with the slum problem, and henceforward the provision of 10s. a week houses must depend on private enterprise. The appalling truth is that one way and another something between 250,000 and 500,000 such houses (or their equivalent in tenement buildings) are wanted to-day, and urgently. This means nothing short of twice ten times the Government's programme of annual slum rebuilding. The horrors of slum statistics are no new sensation; they used to stimulate the Victorian drawing-room and thrill the fashionable congregations of Belgravia and Mayfair in the 'Nineties. But, inured as we are to these awful statistics, we are not proof against a feeling of nausea when we learn that in London to-day there are still more than 2,000 families of, or exceeding, six persons living in one room per family, and we may rub our eyes to hear that since 1920 the number of families of three and more persons living in single rooms has increased here in London and in several other great cities. And when, with a wave of your wand, you have produced what, in practical politics, would mean a twenty years' output of 10s. houses, what then? Is your problem solved? No. Half the families living under the appalling conditions you have abolished with your magic wand cannot conceivably afford 10s. a week for rent.

WATERLOO BRIDGE.—I doubt not that one of the most busy and anxious offices in the Government to-day is the Ministry of Transport. It is an office which, for all its youth, has already attained to front-rank importance, worthy of Cabinet representation. Transport and communications, traffic, roads and bridges, these subjects—to judge by the space they occupy daily in the Press—appear to cover one-half of our daily preoccupation. A sea of trouble lies ahead of the Ministry and a stormy sea at that. The problem of the railways; and the road and rail controversy in whose fog lies buried the Salter Report. And always and for years to come the dreadful toll of the roads and the failings of the Road Traffic Act afford worries enough to whiten the hair of the Minister in a single year. Therefore, it is cheering to learn that one hardy annual among his worries has a real chance of being settled. The Waterloo Bridge controversy raged so long and so fiercely that it literally died of exhaustion. Repeated failures to settle the question so disillusioned Government, L.C.C., Ministry and public alike, that all were glad to shelve the question for a space. But in the case of a tottering bridge, *solvitur ambulando* is a precarious solution and can only end one way—in the Thames. The bridge is dicky. Something must be done at once. To pull down and rebuild would cost £1,300,000, and that scheme is as dead as Queen Anne or War Debts. To recondition and widen for four lines of traffic, probably by the method known as "corbelling out," will cost rather more than half that sum, 60 per cent. of which the Exchequer will find. If the long-suffering L.C.C. will take as read the good faith of the promise and Parliament's confirmation it will surely agree to this solution, since all others have failed. But what the

corbelled bridge will look like when completed, and whether the proposals will satisfy a majority of the schools of artistic taste when the Royal Fine Art Commission has worked them out, is a question too doubtful for prophecy.

THE HOUSTON FLIGHT.—

Everest trembles, for her conquerors are massing in the clouds and at her foot hills, and the Houston Expedition is one more great effort to prove the unconquerable spirit of man and the perfection of his scientific devices. It was cold enough last week in Yeovil town which is no stranger to cold, but 35,000 ft. about the town the thermometer registered 76 deg. below zero, and in that rarefied atmosphere the Houston-Westland 'plane gave several pioneers (scientifically tailored and equipped) all the comfort and sense of security afforded by a summer trip to Paris by air, and a burst of speed of 145 m.p.h. besides. True, the mountains hold air mysteries unknown to the plain, but Lady Houston's pioneers have at any rate tested most satisfactorily the worst of the temperature conditions they are likely to encounter in their objective flights. It is a heartening beginning to a brave enterprise.

MEMOIRS OF PORT ROYAL.—

The zeal of the Society journalist has revealed what was intended to be a close secret. During the last month, at the rate of a dozen announcements a day, the social columns of the daily Press have informed us of the departure for the West Indies of two-thirds of the peerage. The remaining one-third will have left for the same destination by the middle of February. In the Blue Mountains already Dukes are three-a-penny and the price will fall further. Marquises throng Spanish towns, Kingston has changed its name to Earl's Court and Port Royal to Princeton. The disillusioned planter of bananas has ceased to gape at Viscounts and turns up his nose at Barons. Ostensibly this exodus of ermine is a patriotic gesture: *Buy British Holidays*. But there is a deeper meaning in this unprecedented gathering of coronets in Jamaica. In a sheltered fold of the beautiful Blue Mountains, the Upper House, with its consorts and heirs (apparent and presumptive), is to meet in conclave and settle once and for all its policy in regard to the reform of the House of Lords. It is not fashion but refashioning which is the moving spirit of this extraordinary pilgrimage, and it is not improbable that when the British aristocracy packs up to return it will leave behind in the Blue Mountains its worn-out garment, the hereditary system. That is the Genesis of the Exodus of Numbers of Noblemen to Jamaica.

"GLASGOW HERALD"—150 NOT.—

None who has at heart the right education of the nation can fail to appreciate the great provincial newspapers, with their long and high traditions, their sanity and restraint, their splendid service, consistent and wise policies, and high literary and moral tone. I have been looking at the 150th Anniversary Supplement of the *Glasgow Herald* and found it instructive and interesting reading. There is a facsimile of its first number which was issued when the Battle of Culloden was a memory as fresh as is the Boer War to-day; and that first number tells us the whole wonderful story of the development and perfection of journalistic service. It was no quick development. For nearly a century after 1780 the daily newspaper was little more than a gazette with a very short, semi-official and guarded newsletter added, a brief report of racing or cricket results, an inch or two of uplift in the form of scenery painting, and a dozen advertisements of auctions or displays of millinery. Scott was a boy of twenty when the *Glasgow Herald* sent out its first number. Small wonder if the Waverley Novels opened up a new world. It was Scott in his heyday who discovered Scotland to Englishmen in the nineteenth century and led the way across the passes into what till then was *terra incognita*. There are admirable illustrations in this supplement which will make modern Glasgow rub her eyes — the city in 1793, Buchanan Street in 1829, Sauchiehall Street as it was only 70 years ago. One sighs for the peace and space and dignity of the past while one remembers with thankfulness the blessings of progress. Indeed, as one turns the pages of this admirable history of a great City's and a great Industry's progress, pride and regret struggle for mastery. The regrets are for the privileged class, the pride is for the nation as a whole. From the eight-horse fourgon, averaging one mile per hour, to the motor coach (averaging thirty - five), from the *Advertiser* of Gibson's Wynd to the *Herald* and the sparkling, impish *Bulletin*, that is the span of the rise and triumph of democracy and of Glasgow. It is a long and awkward span that links the Treaty of Versailles, 1783, with the crisis in the consequences of our own Treaty of Versailles.

THE SLUMP-PROOF INDUSTRY.—

The nations of Europe—with a few exceptions—possess one industry which never slumps—Cabinet-making. How many Cabinets the French nation has "turned out" in the past three years I should be sorry to guess. The average life of those jerry-built productions is about three months, and their hinges creak and drawers stick from the start. In Germany Cabinets fall to pieces as the result of rougher usage. French Cabinets disintegrate because they cannot face the task for which they were designed. German Governments, in the present chaos of Germany, are loosely stuck together—mere makeshifts doomed to be kicked to pieces by violence and intrigue. The tragi-comedy of politics in France and Germany might at least afford us an excuse for national pride. In England, we might boast, the very difficulty or unpleasantness of the problem which a new Cabinet is created to deal with, cements and confirms it till the task is accomplished. But of what avail to congratulate ourselves? Our whole future is bound up with our neighbours', and there is no security or prosperity for us until stable government and continuity of policy are assured among Continental nations.

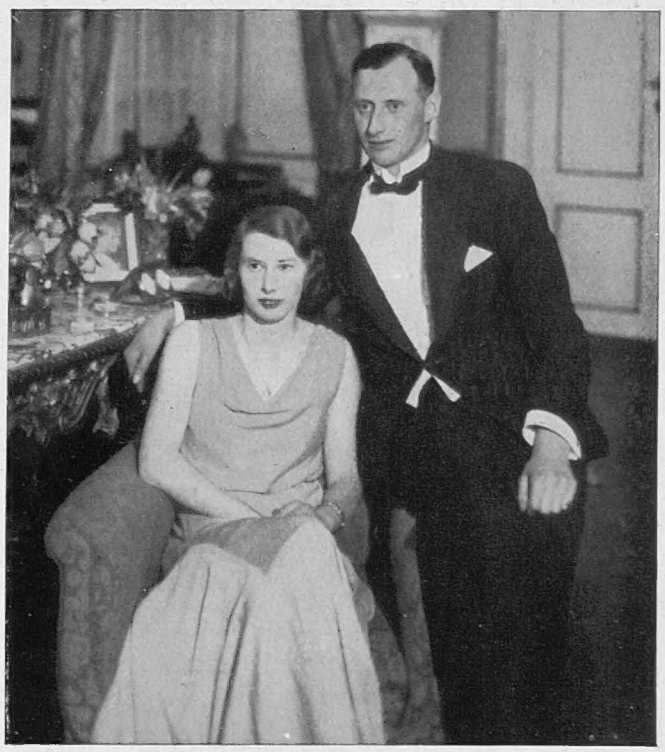
. . . . .

It may be that Adolf Hitler will enjoy a longer reign. His opening moves are conciliatory and he may receive support from powerful groups outside his own party, which is represented in, but does not dominate, his would-be National Cabinet. But until next week his chances of survival must remain uncertain. Meanwhile this remarkable young man of forty-three can justly enjoy his triumph. He has known Germany from inside for only twenty years. His experience of her politics is considerably less. Solely by his own inherent qualities (courage, initiative, energy, ability, and enthusiasm) he has created in a few years the most powerful party in the State and gained the passionate admiration of half the youth of Germany.

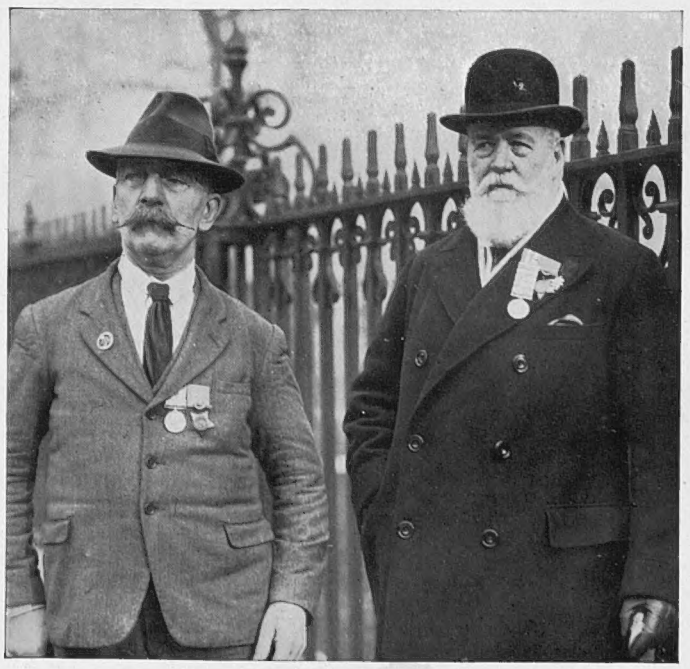
JOHN GALSWORTHY.—

The grave illness of Mr. Galsworthy has ended in his death. Like Arnold Bennett's, Mr. Galsworthy's public fame is particularly bound up with one only of his many works. *The Old Wives Tale* and the *Forsyte Saga* have all the ingredients (including length) which go to the making of a "classic," and these two books are acknowledged among the immortals in an age when immortality is far harder to achieve than in mid-Victorian days. I confess that I myself could never fully appreciate the Forsytes: they are not sympathetic to me. Mr. Galsworthy swam gloriously into my ken in 1907 as the author of the *Country House*, and that novel remains one of my "bedside dozen," and in my poor view incomparably his best. He has written fine plays, refuting the theory that propaganda and art are awkward bedfellows. But when a humanitarian develops a sound sense of the theatre, his plays are not only sincere but convincing, and the Galsworthy plays always keep their interest when revived, even though the propaganda they contain have achieved their object. A gentle, distinguished, polished, humane writer and man, he deserved his high honours and our affection. THE OLD STAGER.

THE COMPLETION CEREMONY AT THE COUNTY HALL: Mrs. Montagu Norman with Mr. Angus Scott, Chairman of the Council, at the opening ceremony of the new wing of the County Hall, Westminster



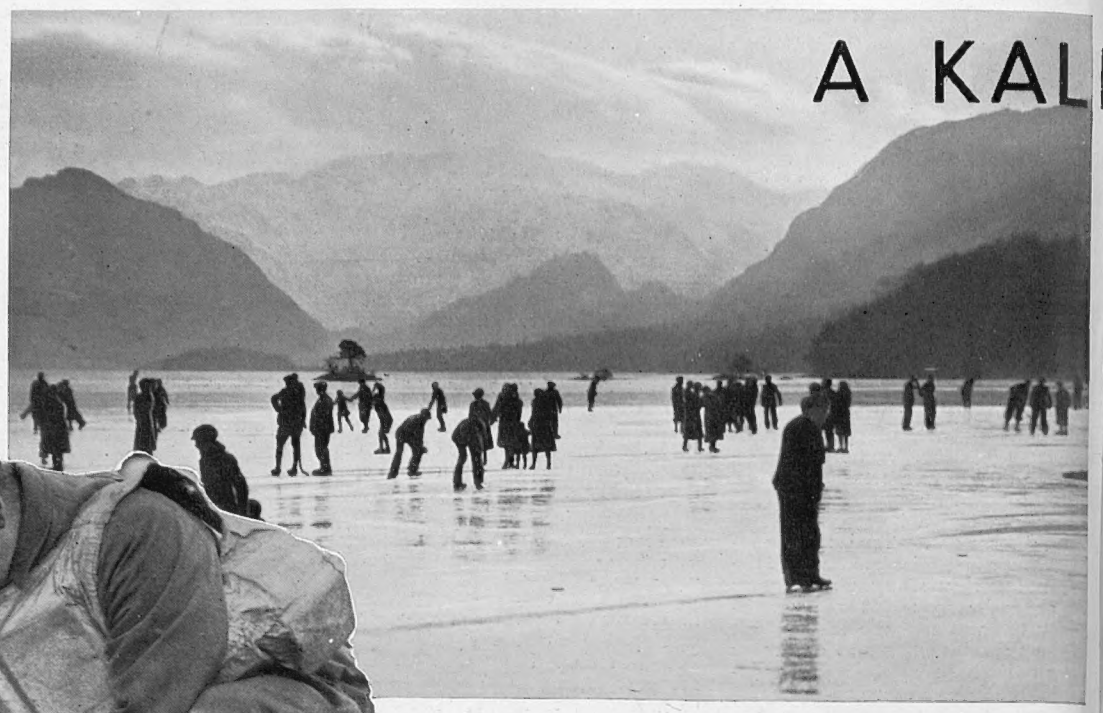
A ROYAL ENGAGEMENT: Prince Knud, youngest son of the Royal House, and his cousin, Princess Caroline Mathilde, daughter of Prince Harald and Princess Helene of Denmark, whose betrothal is announced



HEROES AT A HERO'S CENTENARY: The number of old soldiers who participated in the centennial celebrations of General Gordon's birth, held at the Abbey, included S. M. Hide (R.E.) and Major Morrison (Black Watch), both of whom were members of the force that were two days too late to relieve Chinese Gordon in Khartoum

THE LIVING MEMORIAL to Chinese Gordon and that most dear to the passionately humane spirit of that militant Christian is the Gordon Boys' Home, a detachment from which is seen above at the Abbey Ceremony, inspected by the ninety-year-old relief veteran, General Sir Bindon Blood

A MATTER OF ADJUSTMENT: A life-saver adjusts the skates of a winter sports enthusiast on Wimbledon Park Lake. He is seen with his lifebelt and ropes in case his services should be required



SILHOUETTES ON DERWENTWATER: The winter sunshine brought crowds of visitors during last week-end to the frozen Cumberland lakes. Our picture shows skaters on Derwentwater, Keswick

A CURLER'S PARADISE: Mr. Henry Smith, a Pitlochry octogenarian, was a picturesque figure in his tartan "breeks" at a curling Bonspiel between Perth and Fife and Kinross on Loch Leven last Saturday. About 900 curlers took part

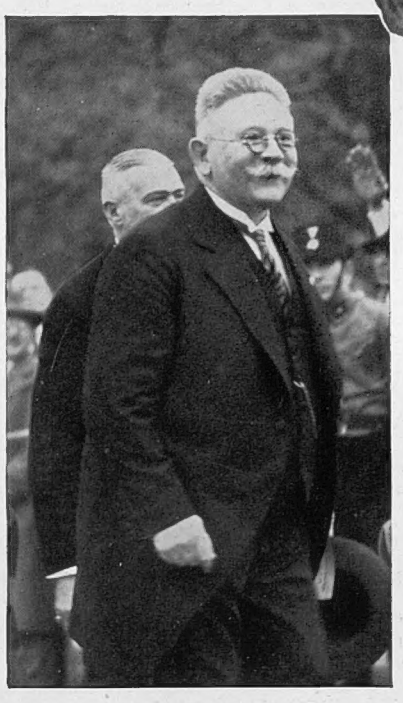
MR. WALTER RUNCIMAN, President of the Board of Trade, opens the new Shell-Mex House in the Strand. Mr. Runciman is seen here with prominent officials of the company

FRIENDS AGAIN: Mr. Arthur Fear and Mr. Charles Mayhew, joint stars in *Casanova*, making it up at Frascati's Restaurant, after their unfortunate scene at the last performance at the Coliseum

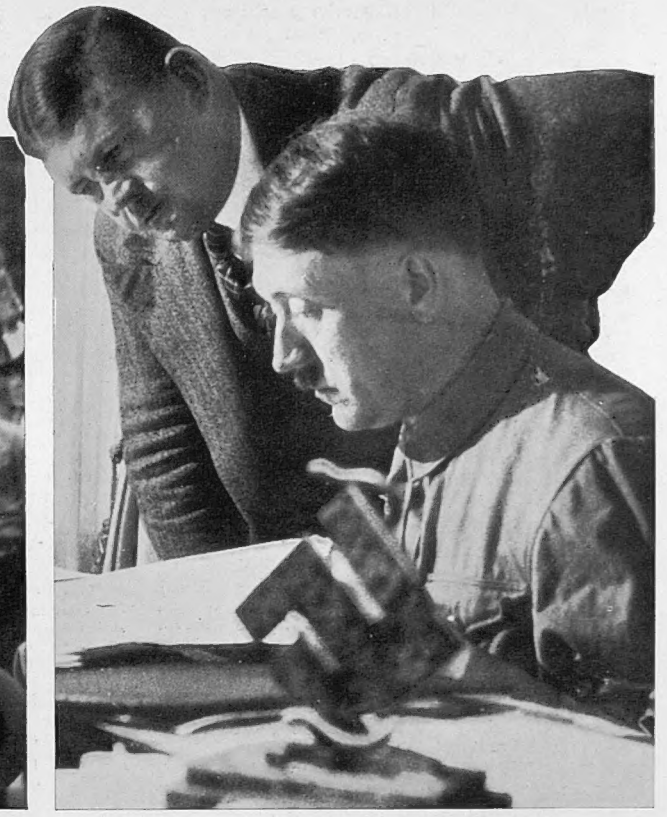
AT THE OPENING OF SHELL-MEX HOUSE: In an age where oil and petrol are becoming all dominating in the conduct of industry, it is only fitting that the executive which plays such a vast rôle in its production and distribution should be housed in one of London's most magnificent office buildings. Shell-Mex House now occupies the site of the famous Cecil Hotel, in its day the most cosmopolitan of London rendezvous. Our illustration shows some of the guests at the opening luncheon. Left to right: Mr. F. L. Halford, Sir Alfred Faulkner, Mr. L. G. Callingham, the Earl of March, Mr. A. W. Gaedertz, Mr. W. Fraser, and Lord Essendon

IDOSCOPIC WEEK: AT HOME AND ABROAD

NOW GERMAN CHANCELLOR: Professor Adolf Hitler gives an interview to German journalists at the Brown House, the Munich headquarters of the Nazi movement. A few months ago the building was ransacked by the police. Herr Hitler became a professor for nationalization purposes



CAPITALIST AND MODERATOR: Herr Hugenberg, Minister of Economy, Food and Agriculture, and "Crisis Dictator" in the Hitler Ministry

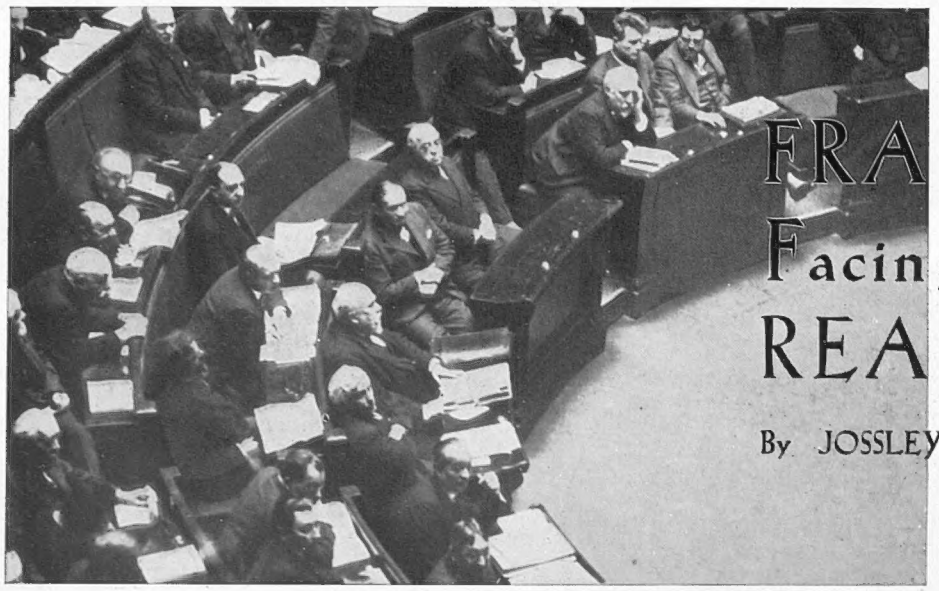


IN A "BROWN" STUDY: A new portrait of Herr Adolf Hitler, Germany's firebrand Chancellor, discussing important party problems in the Brown House, Munich, with his Brigade-General, Herr Roehm

KEEPERS OF THE PEACE: A detachment of the Berlin police force arriving at the Buelowplatz to control a Communist demonstration. The Prussian police are destined to play an important rôle in the trend of German politics, the 150,000 members of the force being regarded as the key to political stability. They are now under the control of Herr Frick, a Hitler Minister

IRELAND SPEAKS: With a total disregard for commercial and economic security the electors of the Irish Free State have returned President de Valera and Fianna Fail to the new Dail with a majority of one seat over all other parties. The President is seen summing up the result of the elections

COUNTING THE VOTES at Rathmines School, County Dublin, during last week's Irish Free State General Election. Ireland, like Australia, adheres to the complicated Preference system of voting. One of the circular voting drums is seen being emptied in front of a pair of the counting staff



FRANCE Facing REALITY

By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

FRANCE REJECTS TAXATION AND M. PAUL-BONCOUR: The momentous meeting of the French Chamber, when the Government of M. Paul-Boncour was defeated by 401 votes to 171, the decisive Socialist vote bringing about the fall of the Cabinet on a measure advocating a 5 per cent. increase in direct taxation

PARIS, JANUARY 1933.

Whither France? To dictatorship by the cheerless road of inflation, street rioting, and social collapse?

We have grown accustomed to watching Germany passing through sensational collapses to remain in a constant state of simmering social tension since the war, so much so that no further calamity which overtakes that country will surprise us much. But France! The one strong, stable, prosperous power of distracted Europe. The suggestion disconcerts and dismays.

Now, let no one read this article, published in responsible columns, and then spread the news that revolution will break out in France next week. I merely ask you to listen to certain ominous rumblings which suggest that all is far from well in the French body politic. I should like these remarks to be read, as might be the friendly warnings of the family physician, who says that *unless* Mr. Smith restricts his champagne and *foie gras* he will be overtaken by gout and chronic dyspepsia leading to an early grave. But please mark that operative word, "*unless*."

What are these rumblings? They come from all parts of France.

Last week 10,000 agricultural workers from all over the country expressed in no uncertain way their dissatisfaction with the Government in a monster meeting in Paris, which they followed up with sporadic street rioting in the Champs Élysées.

Last year 10,000 taxpayers, representing 700,000 enrolled taxpayers of every political opinion, assembled from every corner of France to hold a similar monster meeting which was similarly followed by street rioting in the heart of the capital. Amid thunderous applause the representatives of 700,000 taxpayers recalled the declaration of the Rights of Man incorporated in the Republican Constitution, that "Resistance to oppression is the most sacred duty of the citizen." They unanimously resolved that no taxes should be increased, and that the "luxurious living" of the State should be ruthlessly cut down. They ended with a supreme appeal to the President of the Republic (outside whose palace they were forcibly prevented from demonstrating) that, using to the utmost the powers conferred upon him by the Constitution, he should appoint a Government which should govern and bring discipline to the warring factions in the Chamber. This week a monster meeting of sober-minded business men, representative of every kind of trade and commerce, was held to protest against the paralysing effects of taxation on the life, economic and social, of France.

The unhappy politicians are caught between the raging demands of the taxpayer and the determined threats of direct action on the part of hundreds of thousands of civil servants throughout France if any cuts are made in their pay. The civil servants have threatened to paralyse the postal and telegraphic services and the collection of customs and excise duties, and it was this threat which brought about the downfall of the Boncour Government. The police of Marseilles—the second most important city of France—are also in a state of ferment over proposed wage cuts, and are threatening a disastrous strike.

There is much to be criticized in the inefficient organization and management of the French civil servants, but it cannot be said that they are excessively paid, and, in my view, economies should first be sought in the overhaul of the French political and economic structure generally. The absurd height of the French tariff and the uses to which it has been put, combined with the way in which the gold standard has been mismanaged here, have led to a tremendous increase in the internal price level, which has inflicted the greatest hardships on all fixed incomes and salaries.

A great British diplomat, whose position forbids me to quote by name, told me last year that he hoped that disaster would overtake Europe so rapidly that, eventually, a universal revolt of the governed would be clearly seen to be a matter of days. That this particular statesman should harbour ideas so incompatible with the training and outlook of the old school startled me greatly.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because politicians will go on fawning on voters to keep themselves in power until they are about to be overwhelmed by the cataclysm which is the logical outcome of their pitiable flattery," he replied. "Only then—at the eleventh hour—can they be stirred to tell the people the truth and carry out the surgical operations which their political bribery alone has made necessary—if material progress is to be re-established."

Of what malady are these rumblings the symptoms?

The tide of world depression reached France last owing to her peculiar economic and social structure (see THE SPHERE, March 14, 1931). In view of the complete economic interdependence of the world, it was inevitable that the tide would overwhelm France sooner or later, but, blinded by the appearances of prosperity, French politicians took no heed of the waters lapping round their feet in 1929–30.

Not only did they not decrease expenditure—they increased it with consequent raising of taxation. Moreover, they hampered the return of International prosperity by further heightening the tariff walls round France, and by their intransigent attitude over debts and reparations.

To study the wheels of government in France is to study the unrelieved weaknesses of democracy.

Once the general election is over, deputies have no cause to consult any interests but their own until the next general election four years ahead. With no threat of dissolution to discipline them into the ranks of two or three national parties, each is elected on his vague general promises of *largesse*, and, once in the Chamber, each, feeling himself nobody in the vast crowd, endeavours to become somebody by forming a small group of friends, which creates a bloc of votes which must be bought by the bribe of office.

This is one explanation of the party kaleidoscope in the Chamber, totally irresponsible for four years, which, like some constellation of petty tyrants, upsets Government after Government. The collective responsibility of the party in Britain automatically throws that party in and out of office at general election time when the electors can express their displeasure at the policies of a given party. But the individual French deputy can pass measures of expenditure to please his own voters, and displeased voters in other districts cannot throw out of power the party which endorsed them, because it was not a party but a temporary coalition of individuals which displeased them.

This system necessarily puts a premium on inefficiency. No business could run with continuity of policy and smoothness of the working parts with a complete change of departmental heads every three or four months.

The irresponsibility of the deputies could be endured with contemptuous indifference in good times. Rich masters can afford to watch the cook throw half the joint away. But as income decreases, increasing tension will arise between master and cook, and the cook, trained for years in habits of extravagance, and feeling completely irreplaceable, will adapt himself with the greatest difficulty to the demands for economy.

Recognition that the French Constitution needs remodelling has come from M. Tardieu, who, significantly enough, has been studying political science for some time—in Italy! M. Tardieu demands, *inter alia*, the power of dissolution for the Prime Minister, and the institution of the referendum.

What are the immediate dangers of the situation? Inflation is one. The Budget, which has a deficit of 10,541,000 francs, is unbalanced. This figure is, moreover, a paper deficit, reached by *estimating* net revenue and expenditure. The real deficit is doubtless far greater, and until it is turned into a credit balance in hand by concrete measures of decreased expenditure and increased taxation, France is living on credit, i.e., the Government asks the bank to lend it money. From this to inflation, which means the issue of irredeemable Treasury Bonds, is but a step which is taken first "for a day or two until Parliament has voted the taxes," and which then becomes a habit, until commercial chaos is in full blast. All internal commodity prices rise, the holders of stocks of goods become profiteers in spite of themselves by finding the value of their stocks multiplied overnight; all fixed income and salaried folk fight with starvation; trade, national and international, becomes more and more dislocated.

Will a National Government be formed to prevent what would be a disaster for Europe as well as for France?

I think it will—but the French constitution and political temperament are such that it will need the first buffetings of disaster to be actually experienced before the new Poincaré is appointed—and I give May as my guess for a date. As a rider, I would add that at least one government will have fallen in the meantime.

But by then, nay, this moment, the gap between the conception of the situation in the voter's mind and the ruthless measures necessary to clean these Gallic Augean stables is so great that I ask myself whether bloodshed (that supreme futility of democracy) is not inevitable. For years the voter here, as in other countries, has been taught to look upon the State's purse as bottomless. To turn completely round overnight and tell the same voter in effect that you have been lying; to tell him that the streets which he has been accustomed to see a flood of electric lighting must be darkened; that the luxury liners, built by State subsidies, are *not* the absolute necessity that they have been called, and that their building must be stopped; that the countless millions poured down the drain for huge standing armies must be cut out; that the thousand and one expenses incurred for the voter out of the taxpayer's pocket cannot go on—all this is too big a pill for the ordinary man in the street to swallow. Who shall blame him if he turns, in the blind rage of childish impotence, upon the men who have nursed, and who now shatter his comfortable illusion of a world out of contact with any reality?

The problem of the coddled voter, suddenly pitched from the cushions of his warm drawing-room on to the hard, slushy cobbles of the street, is one which at the present time faces not France alone, but every democracy in the world.

EXIT THE BOULEVARD SALESMAN: London is not the only capital which has been enduring a spell of Arctic weather as these deserted stalls outside a Parisian store indicate. The police prohibited assistants from selling from the pavement during the cold snap

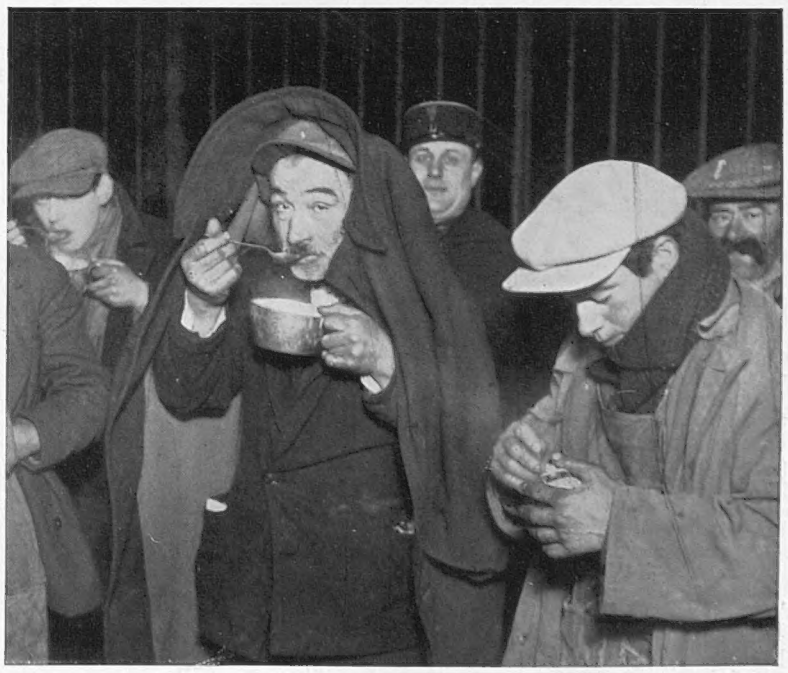
PARIS THESE DAYS

FRANCE'S HUNGER MARCHERS: Ten thousand peasants from the central agricultural districts of France staged a demonstration in Paris last week as a protest against the Government's reduction in wheat prices. There are many who claim that this reduction sounds the death-knell to agricultural France's comparative post-War prosperity

LEAVING THE ÉLYSÉE: The bewildering rapidity with which France changes her Administrations leaves the more conservative Saxon a little breathless. Our picture shows M. Daladier, the new Premier, after his reception by President Lebrun last week

PARIS BOURSE STRIKE: Claiming that the financial proposals advocated by the French Chamber were calculated to dislocate the money market, members of the Paris Bourse declared a strike last week. Our illustration shows stockbrokers and idle employees on the steps of the Exchange

THE AGA KHAN and his wife, the Begum Khan, in the American hospital in Paris a few days after the birth of their son. Known in this country and in France very largely for his lavish patronage of the turf, the Aga Khan is recognized in British and Imperial political circles as an ardent advocate of moderation



RELIEF WORK IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL: A judicious maintenance of wage and price levels, and a colonial empire which bought freely of her secondary industrial products, served until recently to withhold from France the full onslaught of the post-war economic depression. Now, however, her people are beginning to feel the pinch of poverty

ONE MONTH of HISTORY: New Year and All That . . .

A Survey of History in the Making During the Month of January, 1933

A bewildered world gladly turned to the New Year as its annual excuse for hope. All the statesmen hastened to inject optimism. Things could hardly be worse, and were liable to be better (see also the same statesmen's New Year pronouncements for 1931 and 1932).

Also, as usual, some pounds a head were cheerfully paid to eat in the New Year and drink damnation to the Old. London celebrations were helped by pipers and trumpeters lent from the War Office, and by paper caps and streamers from Czechoslovakia. The Chelsea Arts Club, thinking the Saturday licensing extension not enough, postponed until Twelfth Night the Albert Hall Ball for art students and Bohemian stockbrokers.

RADIO GOODWILL.—The B.B.C. had a *Grand Good Night*, which hurt nobody, and a *New Year Over Europe*, which did. An anonymous announcer, hovering over Warsaw, mentioned that the Poles spent half their revenue on armaments. The Polish Government protested against radio "propaganda."

COLONEL MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P., asked how long the radio *Cheka* would remain unchecked. Listeners had been sent "rushing about Europe and hearing most tiresome noises, such as some very cracked bells somewhere in Germany, and very realistic trains in the Netherlands."

Sir John Reith, B.B.C. Director-General, called on the Polish Minister, and the incident ended in an atmosphere of fine, new-world courtesy.

LORDS AND OTHERS.—New Year Honours List short and respectable. SIR THOMAS HORDER, the Premier's medico and friendly guardian, received a predicted peerage. The peerage for Sir Walter Runciman, Grand Old Shipowner, practically ruled out a possible future Premiership for his heir, Right Hon. Walter Runciman, M.P.

Sir Joseph Duveen also a new peer, *Punch's* recent editor a baronet, the A.A. chieftain a knight. Various bodies interested in women's wrongs argued that Amy Johnson should be a Dame.

ROUND ABOUT POLITICS.—THE PREMIER: With Parliament up for the long vacation (the boys of St. Stephen's have far longer holidays than even the best public schools provide), home politics were left to simmer on the domestic hob.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has his New Year in Lossiemouth with *cherry cake and Scottish junketing*, and came south amid renewed rumours about the state of his health. The newspapers told a rather unkind story of his latest distraction in Lossiemouth—a chair that squeaked when anybody sat on it.

WASHINGTON VISIT.—President Hoover having again received PRESIDENT-ELECT ROOSEVELT in Washington, Great Britain was invited to send a delegation on *War Debts revision* and other matters when Mr. Roosevelt takes office in March. Prophets in Britain and America forecast that Mr. MacDonald would choose himself as delegate in chief.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer delivered a pertinent speech at Leeds, stating that any Debts Settlement should be final, that it should not involve further Reparations, and that it could not be linked with any undertaking over matters due for discussion at the World Economic Conference.

ELECTION CIRCUS.—The Conservative majority dropped heavily in a Liverpool constituency.

A by-election in East Fife, once the seat of Mr. Asquith, enticed LORD BEAVERBROOK into clattering back as Chief Crusader for British and Imperial agriculture. The Tory Central Office having backed a Liberal-National candidate (Mr. J. H. Stewart), Mr. J. L. Anderson, with Beaverbrook's support, entered as Independent Conservative nominee. A bargain between Simonite and Samuelite Liberals was ignored by three young Liberals, who nominated one of themselves, Mr. David Keir, to fight for Free Trade in all its purity. Lord Snowden openly, and Mr. Lloyd George tacitly, encouraged young Mr. Keir. Mr. Eric Linklater (novelist of *Juan in America* fame) as Scottish Nationalist in plus fours, and Mr. J. Westwood, as Labourite, were also candidates.

IRELAND YET AGAIN.—MR. DE VALERA sprang a surprise General Election on the Irish Free State just in time to forestall an amalgamation between Mr. Cosgrave's Party and the lesser Opposition groups. He obtained a majority of 1 over all the rest, after a campaign in which Mr. Cosgrave was represented as England's lackey. De Valerans gave Mr. J. H. Thomas a prominent place in Irish demonology (along with Cromwell and Strongbow), representing him on the posters as a burly bully bludgeoning a weak-kneed Cosgrave.

Mr. de Valera, assured of five years' power with Labour support, indicated that he would not press for an immediate Republic, but would insist on union with Ulster as the price of friendly co-operation with Britain. For the rest, exit the Oath of Allegiance; grab the Irish Annuities due under the Treaty; and down with the Governor-Generalship and the Free State Senate, which body had held up the Bill to remove the Oath.

CONTINENTAL.—In France, M. Paul-Boncour's Ministry fell from power on a budget proposal to increase the income-tax to a figure which would still have left Frenchmen paying less than half the rate ruling in England. In Germany, General von Schleicher resigned the Chancellorship, after President von Hindenburg had refused authority to dissolve Parliament. Ex-Chancellor von Papen, whom von Schleicher ousted, acted as presidential go-between with Adolf Hitler, who was finally accepted as a Nazi-Nationalist Coalition Chancellor, von Papen taking the Vice-Chancellorship as President's Friend.

The Editor has pleasure in announcing that during 1933 the first issue of every month will contain a diary presenting the chief events of the foregoing four weeks in highly seasoned form

VIEWS ON NEWS: ATLANTIC FIRE.—Vivid dramatics attended the gutting by fire of *L'Atlantique*, a 42,000-ton French liner. All except nineteen of the crew were rescued by British and other ships, but the flaming vessel dangerously drifted across trade routes for a day and night.

It was pointed out in France that another of her liners, the *Georges Philippar*, had been destroyed by fire some months earlier. Both outbreaks began in a 1st-class cabin and spread *with a sinister rapidity*. Some French newspapers witch-hunted for incendiaries. "Certain countries, military and commercial rivals of France, have deliberately wrecked the vessel to stop her use in time of war, and ruin France's trade in time of peace."

Investigation indicated the real cause as a defect in electrical wiring. Meanwhile the imperturbable Lloyds had rated *L'Atlantique* as a "constructive total loss," and London underwriters promptly met commitments of £1,125,000.

London newspapers jumped at the chance of using aeroplanes for a quick service of pictures and reports. *L'Atlantique* having caught fire at 3.30 a.m., the evening papers carried vivid photographs taken from 100 ft. up.

The salvage rights introduced further grimness. Competition between French, Dutch, and German tugs to tow the burning hulk into Havre brought perilous collisions and many injuries.

HEAD-LINE AND BODY-LINE.—The M.C.C. cricket team in Australia started the second Test Match at Melbourne in 1932, and finished by losing it in 1933.

The head-line business about Anglo-Australian cricket—*England in Peril, Australia Fighting for Life*, and the rest—erupted into lava-streams of large type over the leg-theory bowling which helped the visitors to win the third Test at Adelaide. Cricket to the Australians being almost sacred, the Aussie crowds hated to watch new tactics that both physically injured—and defeated—their batting heroes. When Woodfull, the Australian captain, was hit over the heart by a rising ball from Larwood, barrackers booed the bowler, jeered the English captain, and even showed signs of riot.

Enter "PLUM" WARNER into the Australian dressing-room to sympathize with Woodfull during massage. Woodfull: *I do not wish to speak to you, Mr. Warner. There are two teams out there. One is playing cricket, the other is making no effort to play the game. . . . I have nothing further to say to you. Good afternoon.*

A sensational cable of protest from the Australian Board of (Cricket) Control to the M.C.C. ended: "Unless body-line bowling is stopped at once, it is likely to upset friendly relations between England and Australia."

This exaggeration brought ridicule into what had become violent argument. Mr. J. C. Squire broke into a ballade of Antipodean "squealing"; Mr. A. A. Milne became whimsey in a long letter to the columns of *The Times*, where cricketing celebrities of three generations were holding forth, and the editor of *The Daily Express* claimed in an article to have been cured of influenza through laughing at the upsetting of Anglo-Australian relations.

The M.C.C. *deprecated the Board of Control's opinion that there had been unsportsmanlike play*, and expressed willingness *to cancel the rest of the tour, though with great reluctance*. This reply caused consternation, especially in the Australian States, whose gate-money from two Test matches and other fixtures was still to come.

EPIDEMIC.—Influenza became featured "news" to millions and a household guest to many thousands. It killed 3,000 in three weeks, and during a single week it laid up a quarter of the population of some towns.

Resentful talk was heard against proprietors' patent foods and patent medicines, who splashed intimidating slogans: *Influenza is Here! Fight it with Bonzo (or Pongo)*. Medical science continued to advise *Go to bed and keep warm*.

NOTE.—It has been computed that the 12,000,000 under the National Health Insurance consumed more than 100,000 bottles of medicine in 1932.

MELODRAMA.—A jobbing builder, ex-Black and Tan, with the ominous name of FURNACE, rivalled Crippen by provoking a national hue and cry. Furnace had his office in a wooden shed found burning in Chalk Farm. A corpse under his desk was believed at first to be his own. Bullet holes proved the victim to have been shot in the back before the fire began. Lengthy investigation by Scotland Yard identified the body, from its teeth, as that of Walter Spatchett, rent collector.

Furnace evaded the national police force for eleven days. Accounts of the detective who watched the boarding house where he was found, disguised as an itinerant violinist, of its motherly landlady, and of the waving hand signal from behind lace curtains read like a chapter of Edgar Wallace.

Furnace provided a sensational last curtain by poisoning himself with hydrochloric acid in prison while closely guarded.

Furnace claimed, in his confession, to have shot Spatchett accidentally, left the corpse in his office for a day and a half, and planned a disappearance before setting fire to the shed. Inquest verdict: Wilful Murder against Furnace.

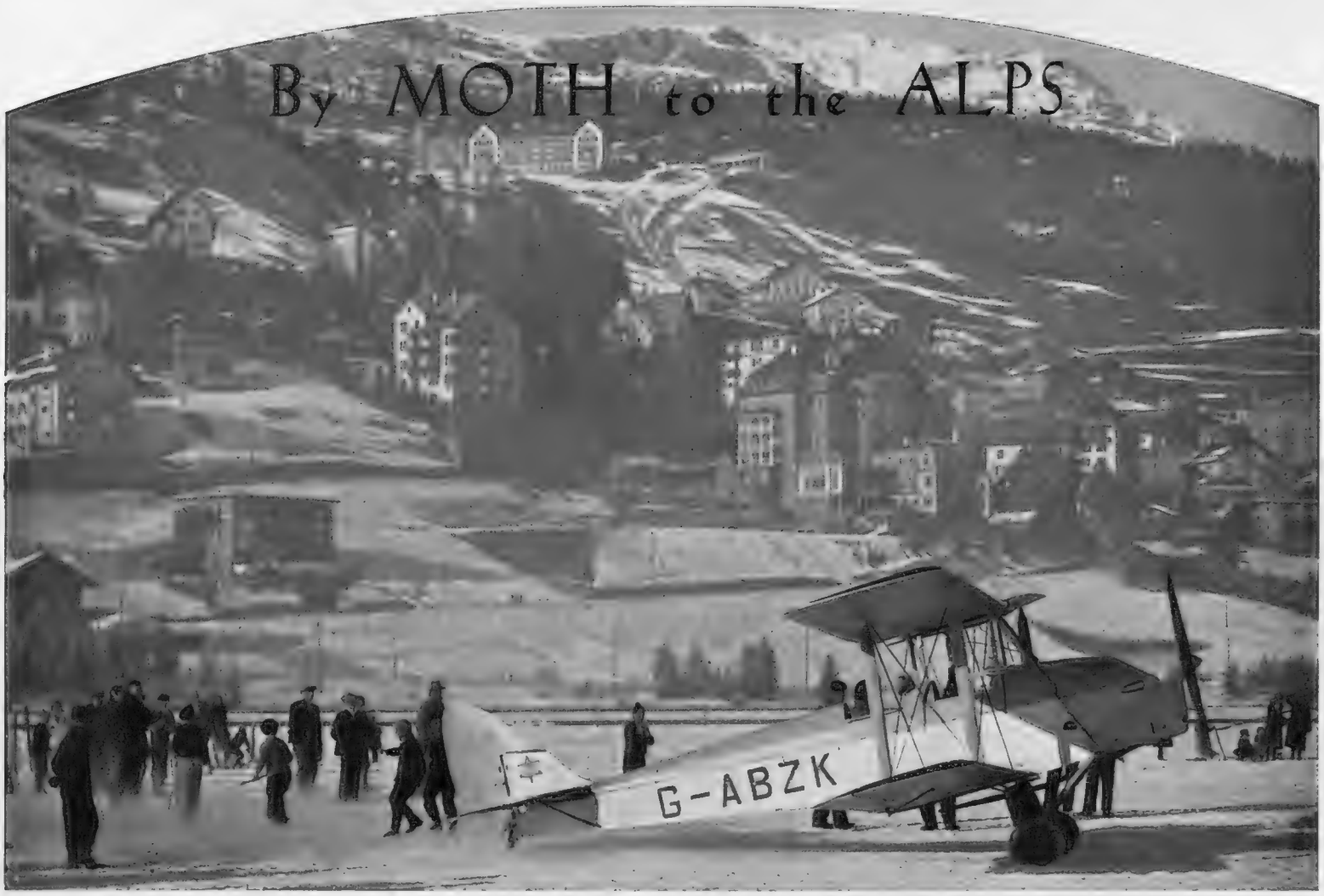
IN BRIEF.—The Church Convocation of Canterbury rejected a resolution supporting the opening of cinemas on Sundays, and brushed aside a proposal that the Church should advise on courtship, marriage, and parenthood, but agreed to petition Parliament to restore the name of King Charles I (the *Martyr*) to the Prayer Book Calendar.

WOMEN IN THE NEWS.—Much rhapsody from sob-sisters went to the lively Mrs. Priscilla Worsthorne (L.C.C. Chairman of the Board of Midwives), who married Mr. Montagu (*Skinner*) Norman. The publicity-hating Governor of the Bank of England and his bride (*The Young Lady of Threadneedle Street*) used two motor cars to dodge the crowds, went through an almshouse to the Chelsea registrar's office, and were married beyond a door guarded by policemen.

ON THE BEATON TRACK.—New standards in wedding scenery were set by MISS NANCY BEATON and relatives at St. Margaret's, Westminster (of course). Church decorated with whitewashed foliage. Silver wands poised against the worn grey pillars, sanctuary *drenched* (as the bride put it) in artificial flowers. Bridesmaids (all much paragraphed beauties) garlanded with artificial foliage and harnessed together with trailing ropes of chiffon flowers. *Bridesmaids' veils said to have been made from curtains at a Beaton country house. Bride's dress spangled with Christmas tree "frost."* Mister Cecil Beaton, bride's brother and fluttering master of ceremonies, magnificent in blue-grey trousers and white top hat. *He denied, however, Lord Donegall's report that his white satin cravat was made from his mother's wedding dress.* A flock of white doves were to have been, but in the end were not, released when the bells pealed. A grand time was had by all the gossip-boys. Bridegroom, Sir Hugh Smiley, Baronet.

(*Continued on p.* 172)

By MOTH to the ALPS



A MOTH ON THE ICE: Lord Clydesdale's light aeroplane taking off from the frozen surface of the lake at St. Moritz. The lake was just sufficiently covered with snow to make a perfect landing surface and soon resembled a smart flying club, Mr. Rodney Soher, Lord Malcolm Douglas Hamilton, and Herr Mittelholzer all having machines upon it

JOY-RIDING IN THE ALPS: Herr Mittelholzer, the Swiss pilot and record holder (*right*) has inaugurated the aerial joy-ride at St. Moritz and several Britons, undeterred by the terrors of Alpine flying, have flown over to the sports. One cuts out all steamer and train trouble, and lands at the door of one's hotel

SHELTERING FROM THE SNOWSTORM: The Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale's Gypsy-Moth sheltering with folded wings beneath the spread of Herr Walter Mittelholzer's large passenger machine during a heavy fall of snow at St. Moritz. The big bus is the pioneer in aerial Alpine joy-rides—a fashion inaugurated by the owner, who is one of the skilled pilots who have conspired to reduce the dangers of mountain aviation to a minimum

Pictures by Charles E. Brown

"WARMING-PANS" FOR AEROPLANES: One of the difficulties of aviation in the Alps lies in the fact that, as soon as the aircraft is at a standstill, the engine becomes so cold that starting is difficult. Lord Clydesdale, a recent visitor to St. Moritz, experienced this difficulty and was assisted by Mr. Walter Mittelholzer's mechanic with the special heating apparatus which he uses

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PISTOL PEOPLE: Serajevo of Yesterday and the Shadow of a Serajevo To-morrow in the Cockpit of Balkania

By FERDINAND TUOHY

On June 2, 1910, the Bosnian student, Bogdan Jeraïtch, blew his brains out after firing five times at the Austrian General Vareschanine. The scene was Serajevo; the reason, the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina. We in England were basking in the Edwardian era, a week or two out of it yet still right in it.

For the next four years there was one faithful visitor to Bogdan's wooden cross and his name was Gavrilo Prinzip, age sixteen to twenty. Modest flowers for the self-offered Jeraïtch, who became the incarnation of "Young Bosnia" and, pulsatingly so, the life's hero of Prinzip. From Belgrade, where he was studying for a degree, Prinzip would periodically journey with his tribute and then return to the Café Zlatna Moruna, the "Rotonde" of Belgrade's Latin Quarter, where sat, even as Lenin and Trotsky sat about the same time in Montparnasse, two other young patriots, Tchabrinovitch and Grabej.

The Balkan wars were being fought and won and lost, and they gave further impetus to the youthful revolutionary stirring at whose head presently appeared twenty-four-year-old Vlada Gatchinovitch, who had been fighting for Montenegro. Vlada was the white-hot soul and pamphleteer, and his *Death of a Hero* (Jeraïtch) Prinzip carried ever after. In fact things grew warm for Vlada in Austrian-run Bosnia and he spent 1913–14 in Lausanne, haven of another rebel, Benito Mussolini, a decade previously. Yet touch was kept by Vlada with his seven disciples sworn unto death. Their names: Danilo Ilitch, Vassa Tchoubrilovitch, Mehmed Bachitch, Tvetko Popovitch—these located in Serajevo; aud the three students of Belgrade we have already met at the Café Zlatna Moruna. Vlada Gatchinovitch kept touch with these seven; he, the master, the god, since in his case was added physical to moral superiority.

The cauldron seethed, armaments mounted. We in England were wrapped in the Curragh, and the Season, in Galloper Smith, Carpentier, and Bosnia.

The Governor of that province, Potiorek, proclaimed martial law, and treason trials became of almost daily occurrence. The four youths living in Serajevo would boil over as daily they read. One day Ilitch read that the Archduke Franz-Ferdinand contemplated holding manœuvres in the summer round Serajevo (on the very fringe of Servia!). Ilitch cut this out and addressed it to "Tchabrinovitch, Café Zlatna Moruna, Zeleny Venatz, Belgrade."

He received no acknowledgment. For weeks Ilitch waited, yet heard nothing. The Archduke would arrive on June 24. Time was getting on. June 24! The swine would choose that day! Vidov Dan! The day Serajevo always kept as one of mourning, anniversary of Kossovo—that fateful "Field of Blackbirds" on which Servia lost her inheritance to Sultan Murad I in 1389, and ninety-five years later saw the defeat of Hunyadi's Hungarians at the hands of the second Murad! Ilitch fumed—while still he waited. He was arranging to act only with his local companions when early in June arrived a message signed Prinzip: "Everything in order. See you soon."

A day or two later the three from Belgrade were smuggled over into Bosnia by friendly peasants; and Ilitch set about reorganizing the Archducal reception. They now were seven, with bombs and pistols. Only the god, Vlada, absent. Yet he was with them in spirit, firing them on.

The young conspirators would meet in a drab dram shop, "Semiz," for they had no money. Students. Fifty crowns they had to raise to buy ammunition and things. Thirty pieces had sufficed to upset a former world. When, on the day of Vidov Dan, Prinzip strolled from Semiz for the last time, five crowns remained to him in this world, and these he handed to girls along the way, a custom of Vidov Dan. After which, he idly took up position. Ilitch had almost made a blue print of where the six were to place themselves, by twos. His was the business of seeing all was correct.

Yes, Franz-Ferdinand was for it all right. If Tchabrinovitch failed with his bomb, then would come number two post, Prin . . .

Call at Serajevo now. Hardby, where in the War years was a garlanded stone let into the roadway, you will be shown a marble plaque on the wall—

At this historic spot Gavrilo Prinzip brought liberty on the day of Vidov Dan June 15 (24) 1914

And you will hear, "Prinzip stood on the pavement like this. Pouchara was where you are standing. As the Archduke's car slowed up at the corner here, Prinzip let his bomb down beside him—too close for a bomb—and pulled out his pistol. A policeman tried to close, but Pouchara held him."

At the October trial, when those of England were fighting First Ypres, a dozen starved, bearded, haggard, accused appeared on a long chain and hemmed in by fixed bayonets, while each day the crowd screamed "Assassins! murderers! death to the murderers who have brought all this misfortune upon us!"

"All I did"—Prinzip to his judge—"was to ward off a danger. Franz-Ferdinand was a capable man who might have prevented Slav union. I do not regret my act—only killing his wife, too. I aimed at Potiorek."

Because he was a minor Prinzip escaped death, along with three others, and was sent for life to Theresienstadt Prison in the Bohemia of that day, and soon war-time prison fare produced four skeletons in solitary confinement. Each had a permanent warder. Prinzip's guardian relates:

"He was a gentle and quiet prisoner, like a good child. We would talk, when he knew I was Hungarian. Once I said, 'Prinzip, to think that hundreds of thousands of men are dying because of you!'

"'It's false!' he cried. 'All I did was to hasten things on.'"

The warder, Bleier, further tells how Prinzip repeatedly offered him large sums to arrange his escape. Bleier would laugh. "Where are you going to get the money?"

Then, one day, Prinzip reported sick and the prison doctor ordered him across the fields to the town hospital for a report.

"Prinzip, I, and two armed guards started off," tells Bleier. "When we had gone a kilometre and were at the foot of a hill Prinzip broke away and ran for it.

"'Fire!' I shouted, but it was unnecessary. Prinzip had run right into a Uhlan patrol! Next time he went to hospital it was with six guards. He never gave up hope of my helping him. At least, not until near the end. Clothes, disguise, was what he pleaded for. He died of phthisis as the war was ending."

And you see his grave to-day in Serajevo show place, slightly raised above ten others, his comrades, five on either side. Vlada, the god, alone lies in alien soil, not far from the building of the League of Nations.

Six students of Trogir, in these very parts, recently heaped fuel on Italo-Serb hatred by hacking away winged lions of San Marco. Their names: Carjo, Erzegovic, Madiraco, Varbat, Luic, Lundor. Their reason—but here it is in their own words:

We did it because for years the lions of Venice have been held as the best evidence of Italy's rights on Dalmatia. Savants and even ministers have spoken of it openly. They do not cease to threaten us with war and to build strategic roads on our frontier. In the Italian schools we are obliged to suffer in our territory; the most violent propaganda against us is carried on. Among other things, that the Servian Army behaved as cowards and was saved by the Italians. "Can we love the Servians?" asks another manual. "Why not ask us if we can love Kaffirs or Patagonians?"

We intended to remain anonymous, as representative of a whole people. But because the story has been put about that Servians had to be imported to do the work, there being none in Dalmatia, we make this deposition.

Kaffirs and Patagonians! Would that the light mirth this shaft brings might be maintained.

Instead, we have to ask ourselves: supposing these students, these Popovitchis and Ilitches, are even now in some 1933 Café Zlatna Moruna, to pass on later, maybe, in conclave to a "Semiz" of these times? Supposing these pistol people were to shoot again to kill? (We need not ask whom). Would Europe for a second time fall for it, broach the supreme clash leading to anything, because Slav students shot? We have to ask ourselves: is there a better chance now of preventing the spark from becoming a forest fire than there was in 1914?

Throughout Central Europe a certain macedoine—Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Bulgars, Macedonians, Albanians—are known as "pistol people." *Pistolen Leute*—sounds like a Ufa film. The implication being that politics are pursuable with the pistol. So long as these quite too picturesque nuisances inter-shoot among themselves, few would be found to object. Just at present the Imro or International Macedonian Revolutionary Organization holds the stage with an average of six or seven murders a week. Servia took most of Bulgarian Macedonia after 1913 and 1918, and now Bulgaria wants it back, such is the genesis of this particular vendetta. Leaders come and go—shot. The current chiefs are Michailov and Protoguerof, both Macedonians, but the former says the latter is in Yugoslav pay, a traitor, hence the shooting.

However, "guns" are going off all the time within the steadily disintegrating realm of Serbs, Slovenes, and Croats, which we so nobly set up under self-determination. Amazing, infernal, but just the same old trouble—names crop up as of old: Bosnia, Herzegovina, Slovenia, with the addition of Dalmatia. Internally in Yugoslavia the trouble is that the dictator King and his General Zhivkovitch and their friends, former "Black Hand" conspirators against Turks and Austrians, have carried forward precisely the same methods of repression that they used in bygone days of struggle, instead of giving some form of federalism to the several wholly divergent tribes comprising this sorry kingdom. One suggestion is that Jugoslavia be segregated and isolated until the Constitution is completely transformed, and it is so that France, after keeping Belgrade since 1919, is no longer keen to continue.

Alignment in South-east Europe is Italy, Albania, Bulgaria, Hungary versus Jugoslavia, Roumania, and (not too certain) Czechoslovakia. At this writing King Alexander is conferring with King Carol, designer of pretty uniforms. Of course, the hand of Mussolini stretches over all; Italy was promised Dalmatia as a principal lure to break her neutrality. The Fascists are especially engaged in egging on the Croats and Slovenes against crass Belgrade, for Rome's chance would be an uprising. One thing, though—Italian students will not shoot. Italians are not pistol people in the International connection. As for others . . . oh, but a curse on the Balkans! Twice over!

BE PREPARED: Issa Bajraktari, Mohammedan bodyguard and food taster to that much harassed monarch, King Zog of Albania. He works twenty-six weeks of the year, and tastes the King's food two hours before it is served

7,000 MACEDONIANS MOURN A JOURNALIST: Simeon Eftimoff, a Macedonian journalist, was murdered in front of the Royal Palace, Sofia, as a result of a tense political feud. Those in the funeral procession, which was over a mile long, knelt on the ground, while the funeral march was played, on reaching the scene of the murder

FACETS of the JEWEL of EMPIRE

THE VICEROY'S GARDEN PARTY: Lord Willingdon chatting with Prince Ali Khan, son of H.H. the Aga Khan, at a garden party given to 3,000 guests in Calcutta. Sir John Anderson, Governor of Bengal, is seen standing behind the Viceroy

LORD WILLINGDON REPLIES: The Viceroy replying to an address given by the Istimrardars of Ajmer, on the occasion of his recent visit to this important Rajputana educational centre. On the morning of his arrival Lord Willingdon was entertained at a Durbar of the chiefs of the Ajmer district

VACCINATION: Owing to the small-pox mortality at Lahore, a crusade was started to interest the population in vaccination. *Above*—A procession in progress

AT CALCUTTA RACES: Prince Ali Khan, eldest son of H.H. the Aga Khan seen at Calcutta races, with Mr. Robinson, the Aga Khan's local trainer

AT MAYO COLLEGE: Lord and Lady Willingdon, Viceroy and Vicereine, received the young princes on the occasion of their visit to Mayo College, Ajmer. The city, which is in the centre of the Province of Rajputana, by far the largest province in India, is noted for its college, where the sons of many of the ruling princes of the province receive their education. Lord Willingdon has always taken a keen interest in educational matters, and seldom misses an opportunity of witnessing its progress, whether it be among the working or ruling classes

RECONSTRUCTING THE INDUS BRIDGE: An interesting engineering feat now nearing completion at Kotri, Province of Sind, is the reconstruction of the Indus Bridge, which is now ready for traffic after two years' work. This section of the North Western Railway is particularly important in that it is the connecting link between the Port of Karachi and the important cities of the Punjab. The reconstruction work has been undertaken to permit the running of the new standard heavy engines already imported into the country. These have hitherto been prevented from crossing the Indus at Kotri on account of limitations in the strength of the girders and clearance restrictions

ROYAL YACHTS IN ENGLISH HISTORY

CHARLES II VISITS THE FLEET: This line and wash drawing by Willem Van de Velde, now in the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, depicts Charles II's visit to the Fleet, probably in 1672. From left to right are the Royal Yachts *Anne* and *Katherine* and H.M.S. *Prince*. This and the other illustrations are from *Royal Yachts*

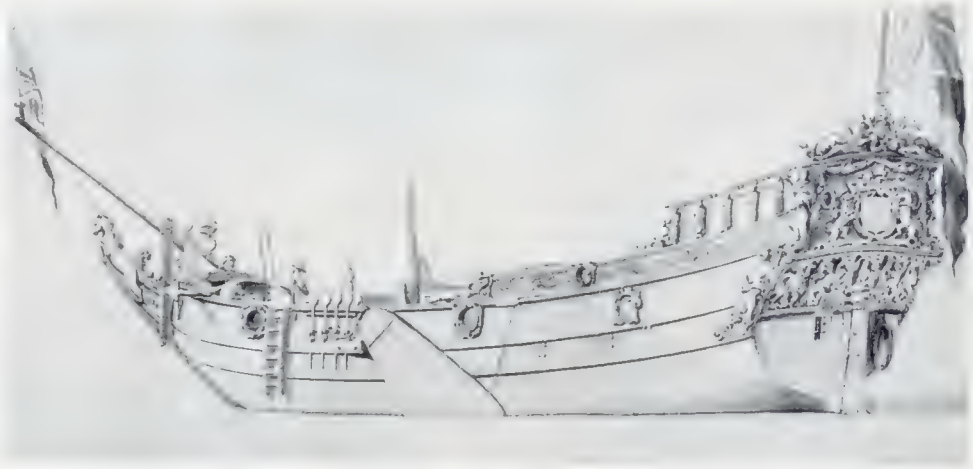
Paymaster Commander C. N. Gavin, R.N., is singularly happy in his choice of a subject, and his book, *Royal Yachts* (Rich and Cowan, Ltd.), will give immense pleasure, not only to yachtsmen, but also to the many whose walk in life has, unhappily for them, never brought them in contact with the sea. The origin of Royal Yachts is comparatively unknown to the man in the street, and Commander Gavin has done great service in writing this truly delightful history which is so full of interest and adventure and so beautifully illustrated.

It is not easy to believe that, as far back as A.D. 1040, the Kings of England had fast boats specially built for their own personal use, and Commander Gavin gives a fascinating description of some of these "long boats" as they were called, with "heads wrought in gold, sails of purple canvas, and decks elegantly wrought round with gold." Henry V was the last of the English Kings to make use of these purple sails when he crossed to France in the *King's Chamber*, a vessel which carried a sail of purple silk embroidered in gold with the arms of England and France. The numerous wars there were with France make one realize the necessity for the Kings having their own specially-built ships, and these were also frequently used for the conveyance of foreign Royalties and for Ambassadors and other officers of State. With the exception of Queen Elizabeth, who never left England, most of our Sovereigns were sailors, and already in A.D. 1212 Portsmouth was made a base for the King's ships, while after the Wars of the Roses frequent allusions are made to gilded barges, Royal Yachts in all but name.

Royal Yachts actually took on the meaning and uses we now associate with the name at the Restoration (1660), and the Royal Yacht, *Bezan*, presented to the King by the Dutch East India Company in 1661, is the prototype of the Rig, so popular in racing yachts at the present time. Charles II had a natural taste and liking for the sea, and it is recorded that he usually attended the launching of ships and also that he paid frequent visits to the Fleet, endeavouring by his presence to keep in touch with the officers and men and to keep himself informed on the state of the ships. There is no doubt that the development of yachts is very largely due to him, and it does not, in fact, need a great stretch of imagination to call him the "Father" of Yachting and of Royal Yachts.

The name, yacht, comes from Holland, and its original meaning is "hunt" *(ter jacht gaen)*, but the word was also applied to a fast sailing ship. When the *Bezan* was given to the King in 1661 it was taken as a model for subsequent ships, and gradually the name yacht came into general use.

Commander Gavin describes the first race organized by Charles II and his brother, James, Duke of York, for a wager of £100, and he also gives details of ceremonies and traditions handed down through the centuries. He explains how the custom of the three flags—the Royal Standard, the Lord High Admiral's flag, and the Union flag, marking the presence of the Sovereign on board—first originated at the Restoration.



HULL OF THE *MARY*: This lavishly decorated yacht only remained in Charles II's service for a year. She is described as resembling a present-day Thames barge, only somewhat larger. Fifteen years after being presented to the King she was wrecked on the Skerries, near Holyhead

THE ROYAL YACHT *MARY*: After a visit to Amsterdam in 1660 Charles II expressed himself so pleased with the yacht placed at his disposal that the Burgomaster of Amsterdam presented it to him. The *Mary*, a vessel of 100 tons burden, carried eight guns and a crew of thirty men. Our illustration shows her at anchor. She is the second vessel from the right in the picture

The well-known family of Pett built many of the King's Yachts, and the *Mary*, the largest yacht of the day, was built by Sir Phineas Pett to replace the first *Mary* presented to the King by the Dutch, and wrecked on the Skerries in 1675. The second *Mary*, 166 tons burden, was lent to William of Orange and Mary, daughter of James, Duke of York, for their honeymoon and to convey them over to Holland.

Another famous yacht built by Sir Phineas Pett was the *Fubbs*, called after the pet name of Louise de Kerouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, and contracted from the old English word "fubby," plump, fair, tubby. The *Fubbs* was used by the King for pleasure cruises, and on one occasion when they were caught in a sudden storm off the Kentish coast the King and his brother were "necessitated, in order to preserve the vessel, to handle their sails like common seamen, but by good Providence they escaped to land."

The Royal Yacht *Saudador*, sometimes known as "Queen Catherine's Little Ship," was also very well known. In the Portuguese *Saudador* means "Good Luck," but a more accurate translation would be "Intense Longing," and the name may have been chosen by the Queen to express the homesickness she felt for her own country. The *Saudador* was commanded by Captain James Jennifer and twice she sailed to Lisbon on a special mission from the Queen to her father, King John IV of Portugal; she was also used by the Queen for excursions and picnics, and an eye-witness writes: "Her Majesty gives life to all by frequent divertissement upon the river in her new vessel, the *Sodalis*!"

After the death of Charles II yachting as a pastime was neglected, and the Royal Yachts were chiefly used to carry the Hanoverian Kings backwards and forwards on their frequent visits to the Continent or to bring over foreign Princesses for their marriage to the Royal Princes. In 1801 George III visited Weymouth and there is an amusing description of a ball given on board the *Hydra*, one of the frigates in attendance on the Royal Yacht. "The day arrived and the Royal Family came on board, making altogether a pretty stout party. The dancing commenced almost immediately and continued for two or three

(Continued on p. 153)

ROYAL YACHTS

Excerpts, Pictorial and Literary, from the Superb Volume, "Royal Yachts," by Paymaster-Commander C. M. Gavin, R.N. (by Gracious Permission of H.M. the King), Published by Rich and Cowan

THE DEPARTURE FROM MARGATE OF THE ELECTOR PALATINE OF THE RHINE AND HIS BRIDE, PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND, 1613

From the oil painting at Windsor

by A. WILLAERTS

(The actual event is conjectural)

By gracious permission of His Majesty the King

This picture records an important matrimonial event, for this alliance formed the root from which the Hanoverian succession derived its title to the throne. The large ship in the centre is the *Prince Royal*. The small ship on the left is believed to be the *Disdain*. Prince Henry's little ship. The *Prince Royal* was the finest and most heavily armed ship of her day and bore the daughter of James I and her Rhenish consort from Thanet to Flushing. The Flamand, Willaerts, was, it is believed, brought over by the Elector especially to record the event

THE VISIT OF CHARLES II TO THE FLEET IN THE SWIN, JUNE 5–8, 1672, AFTER THE BATTLE OF SOLEBY

From an oil painting possibly

by VAN DE VELDE

(The exact date is conjectural)

By kind permission of W. L. Wade Dalton, Esq., Constable Burton, Yorkshire

This is one of the pictures which emphasize the keen personal interest which the most astute of the Stuarts took in his navy—after the hideous disgrace of the Medway. By his actual presence the King (according to tradition, stirred on by Pepys) kept in touch with officers and men and kept himself informed of the state of the ships. From left to right, the *Anne*, the Lord High Admiral's Yacht, the *Katherine*, crossing the bows of the *Royal Prince* (centre), and the *Cleveland*

ROYAL YACHTS

By gracious permission of His Majesty the King

THE ROYAL YACHT, *ROYAL GEORGE*, WITH HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE IV ON BOARD, COMING TO ANCHOR IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR

From the oil painting at Buckingham Palace
By JOHN T. SERRES

The *Royal George*, a sailing yacht of 330 tons, was built in 1817, during the Regency, and remained as the sole Royal yacht until after 1842. She thus served no fewer than four Sovereigns—George III, George IV, William IV, and Queen Victoria, but the last-named used her only once, for when the first *Victoria and Albert*, a paddle steamer, was brought into service, the *Royal George* was dismantled, converted into a hulk, and used to accommodate the officers and crew of the paddle steamer during the winter months. It was the slowness of the *Royal George* which induced the great Queen (who hated to be surpassed) to commission a steam yacht

By gracious permission of His Majesty the King

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA ARRIVES AT BOULOGNE ON BOARD H.M. YACHT, *VICTORIA AND ALBERT II*, ON A VISIT TO LOUIS NAPOLEON, AUGUST, 1855

From the oil painting at Buckingham Palace
By LEON MOREL-FATIO

The second *Victoria and Albert* came into use in '55 and proved herself an excellent sea-boat. She was used not only for reviews during the Crimean War but also sailed both to France and to Madeira, being lent on one occasion to the Empress of Austria who experienced a devastating cruise to Madeira aboard her. *Victoria and Albert II* was employed to bring the Princess Alexandra of Denmark to Britain. After '63, the *Alberta* was used for short journeys, the *Victoria and Albert II* being reserved for State functions until 1874

A CAROLIAN PLEASURE YACHT: The *Fubbs*, perhaps the most famous of the early Royal Yachts. Built in 1682, she was called after the pet name of Louise de Kerouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, of whom Charles II was notoriously fond. The title was a contraction of the English word "fubby," meaning plump or fair. Charles II made many pleasure cruises in this yacht which remained in service until as late as 1770

SUPREMACY OF STEAM: This print (a detail from a larger one) shows the Queen with Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales acknowledging an enthusiastic reception at Plymouth in 1843 on the first trip of the royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*. She was steam-driven, being propelled by twin paddle-wheels; on the box of one, the royal party are standing

ROYAL YACHTS IN ENGLISH HISTORY

(Continued from page 150)

hours, during which time the good old King walked about and asked questions which there was, of course, always someone at hand to answer."

George IV marked his accession to the throne by a four of the kingdom. He visited Ireland in 1821 and in 1822 went to Scotland, sailing from the Thames to the Firth of Forth in the *Royal George*. This was the first time since the days of Charles II that a Sovereign had set foot in Scotland, and the King was received with great rejoicing. Commander Gavin tells an anecdote of Sir Walter Scott, who was one of the first to pay a visit to the Royal Yacht, and in an excess of loyalty put the glass from which the King had drunk into his pocket, unluckily, however, forgetting this fact when he sat down a little later!

The *Royal George*, which had been launched in 1817, was the only Royal Yacht when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. In 1842 the Queen, who was paying a visit to Scotland, embarked at Woolwich with Prince Albert and a great retinue, and in tow of two steam vessels and accompanied by H.M. ships, the *Shearwater*, the *Salamander*, *Lightning*, *Black Eagle*, *Rhadamanthus*, and the *Vestal*, made the passage to Leith, some 400 miles in 66 hours, at an average speed of about six knots. "The return journey," Commander Gavin relates, "was made in the paddle steamer *Trident* of about 1,000 tons, hired to convey Her Majesty back to the Thames, for it is said that on the outward journey, when overhauled and passed by the steamships of the day, Her Majesty professed herself dissatisfied with the slow and out-of-date method of travelling." After the visit to Scotland, Sir Robert Peel in a letter to the Queen wrote, "Sir Robert Peel trusts that Your Majesty may entirely depend on being enabled to make any excursions Your Majesty may resolve upon in the course of next summer in a steam vessel belonging to Your Majesty, and suitable in every respect for Your Majesty's accommodation. . . . . Sir Robert Peel will leave nothing undone to ensure Your Majesty's comfort and safety in any future naval excursions that Your Majesty may be pleased to make."

The first Royal Steam Yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, was launched at Pembroke on April 6, 1843, and was commissioned by Captain the Right Hon. Lord Adolphus Fitz Clarence on July 1. Her first service was to take the Queen and the Prince Consort on an expedition to various sea ports, visiting Southampton, Weymouth, Dartmouth, and Plymouth.

The second *Victoria and Albert* was built in 1855 and was a great improvement on the earlier yacht. She was used by the Queen for nearly fifty years, and was considered the height of modern comfort and luxury. The description given by Commander Gavin lets us have a pleasant picture of her early Victorian decorations. "All the Royal apartments had the floors covered with red and black Brussels carpet; the walls were hung with rosebud chintz, box pleated. . . . Her Majesty's bedroom was provided with mahogany furniture in chintz coverings. The bedstead was upholstered, and its hangings were of rosebud chintz, lined with green silk, with a canopy to match."

The third *Victoria and Albert*, which had been launched in 1899, was not commissioned until July, 1901. Known to the Fleet as the *V. and A.* she is a two-funnelled yacht with a hull decorated in black and gold, her tonnage 4,700 tons displacement making her the largest yacht in the world.

Commander Gavin is to be sincerely congratulated on the way he has compiled this vividly interesting History of Royal Yachts, and it is difficult to know which to admire most, the really beautiful collection of illustrations, the tremendous and endless amount of research, or the well-expressed way in which he has assembled his knowledge. *Royal Yachts* from beginning to end completely holds one's attention, and the further one reads the more difficult it is to put the book down.

It is to be hoped that Commander Gavin will not rest on his laurels as regards Royal Yachts, but that he will give us another book as there can be no doubt that his choice of a subject will be a happy one. . .

M. B.

LANDING AT TREPORT: Queen Victoria and Prince Albert landing at Tréport in 1845 with King Louis Philippe. The Royal Party are shown landing on the open beach, where they were drawn up the sands in a bathing machine

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A SELF-SUPPORTING EMPIRE: Every year new discoveries come to light which prove beyond doubt that the Empire is rich enough in mineral wealth to meet its every need. This picture shows rock formation on the east shore of Great Bear Lake, North-West Territory, Canada, where radium is now being extracted

THE DISCOVERY POINT: A view of Great Bear Lake, North-West Territory, showing the formation where radium-bearing rock was first discovered two years ago. Hitherto 90 per cent. of the world's radium has come from the rich Katanga district in the Belgian Congo, and the industry has been almost entirely a Belgian monopoly

IN THE FAR NORTH-WEST: Pits numbers 13 and 14 at Labine Point, Great Bear Lake, where rich silver ore is now being extracted. This region is described as a veritable museum of minerals, where pitchblende ore, gold, silver, cobalt, and manganese have been found in amazing quantities. The area covers over 500 square miles, some of which is not yet explored, and is said to rival even the Haut Katanga, most prolific of all radium-mining areas in the world

OF EMPIRE RADIUM

The first gramme of radium produced in the British Empire will be ready during this month.

It is being extracted at the new refinery which has been established at Port Hope, Ontario, under the ægis of the Canadian Department of Mines, to deal with the rich supplies of pitchblende ore discovered two years ago near Great Bear Lake in the North-West Territory of Canada.

By far the greater proportion of the world supply of radium—nearly 90 per cent.—comes from the Katanga in the Belgian Congo, and the industry is almost a Belgian monopoly. The present high price of radium, about £15,000 a gramme, is largely artificial, and it is believed that the coming of Canadian radium will reduce the price considerably.

The Great Bear Lake deposits may prove as valuable to Canada as the Katanga is to Belgium. The region is described as a veritable museum of minerals. As well as pitchblende ore, gold, silver, cobalt, and manganese have been found in amazing quantities. Not far away there is oil. This mineral area covers over 500 square miles and it is not yet all explored.

The find was made in May, 1930, by Mr. Gilbert Labine, who was prospecting on the shores of the Great Bear Lake, and came across a strange, heavy, black-coloured rock stained with red, orange, and yellow. He brought samples back to Ottawa, which were examined in the Department of Mines, and found to be pitchblende ore, giving the unusually high yield of 40 per cent. of uranium oxide, or one part of radium in ten million.

Labine quickly returned to the North-West Territory, and further examination on the site of the original find revealed veins of pitchblende several inches wide, and extending in one instance for more than 1,400 ft. Government geologists were quickly on the scene, and soon the extraordinary variety and richness of the deposit was discovered. Several prospecting companies began mining, and the silver especially proved to be of first rate quality.

In the meanwhile, Canadian scientists have been busily engaged in trying to improve the methods of extracting radium from pitchblende ore. Mr. R. J. Traill and Mr. W. R. McClelland, of the Department of Mines, have now succeeded in perfecting a process which is stated to halve the time and cost of the Belgian methods.

The chief cost of radium extraction has been that it needed three tons of chemicals to treat one ton of ore, and the forty processes involved took three months to complete. At Port Hope it is claimed that the work can be done in six weeks with better results. 95 per cent. of the radium is being recovered, compared to 75 per cent. by the Belgian process. Ten tons of ore are producing one gramme of radium. Seven concentrating units are used. Muriatic acid (HCl) is the major element in the process.

The laboratory at Port Hope is already in operation and the concentrating plant is almost completed. Some 4,000 grammes of radium barium compound have been treated in the laboratory and are now ready for concentration. This only takes four days while the laboratory process takes as many weeks. The work is under the direction of M. L. Pochon, who was for many years associated with M. and Mme Curie.

Radium will be available for marketing shortly and the plant will proceed without interruption. Sufficient radium will soon be available for Canada's domestic needs and then she will enter world markets.

At Toronto University a radium emanation plant is being installed to prepare radon seeds—tiny gold tubes containing radium emanations—to be used in the treatment of cancer.

If supplies of Canadian radium enable the cost to be reduced, it will then be possible for it to be used in many commercial processes where it would be of undoubted value. New markets are now being explored. Greater use of radium in the ceramic industries and as a radio-active fertiliser for agriculture are two of the suggestions now being examined.

L. V. D.

A MYSTERY BUILDING

Where Southern England's Grid System will be Controlled

Since our report in a previous issue on this overhead electrical scheme, extensive work has been carried out in various parts of Great Britain, and in Central Scotland a portion of this electrical system came into operation on January 1.

Under this gigantic electrical undertaking the principal generating stations in a specified area are interlinked, and, as regards Central Scotland, electrical energy can now pass from the hydro-electric generating station at Rannoch, situated at the foot of the Grampians, into the remote districts of Southern Scotland, or to the eastern or western districts. When the remaining portion of the scheme in the South of Scotland has been completed and interlinked with England, it will be possible for consumers in London to obtain periodically electricity all the way from Scotland.

An interesting and scientific achievement in connection with the work are the *Central Control Stations* now being erected in various parts and connected up with the principal generating stations, being known as the "nerve centres" of the system. The first of these new stations has recently been completed and put into operation at Broomhill, Glasgow. The control room, which may be termed the "*eyes*" of the grid, gives visual indication of the loads on the various generating stations and main supply points. It will also control the system frequency against wireless time signals for regulating synchronous electric clocks, and will indicate by infallible signs all things of importance for ensuring continuity of supply.

The main control room possesses a series of panels—one for each station—indicating by means of red and green lights the position (open or closed) of all the main-grid switches, instruments for detecting the loads, and whether the flow is outwards or inwards to the grid. Telegraph indicators with illuminated dials have also been erected on these panels, and are used in the same way as the captain of a steamer telegraphs signals to his engine-room. A diagram showing the whole grid system is mounted on the opposite wall, this diagram being interlocked with the main indicating board through a miniature diagram of the grid fixed on the control desk situated in the centre of the room. From this desk the control engineer is able to keep his finger on the "pulse" of the grid through the medium of a single pair of telephone wires which radiate to each main generating station or supply point.

It is of interest that the Central Scotland scheme is supplying 800,000,000 units per annum, but the plant at present installed is capable of increasing the output by 100 per cent.

Within the next three weeks a number of men will be installed in the second largest control station, now being completed at Didsbury, near Manchester, with approximately 1,000,000 horse-power of electrical energy at their command.

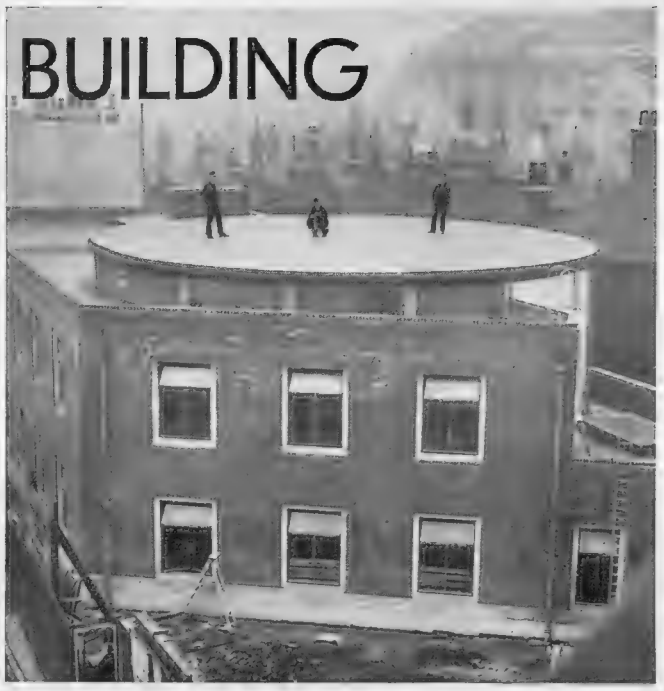
These men will be the controlling engineers of the electrical "nerve centre" of the North-west of England and North Wales district of this colossal grid system, which will commence operations early in March. By the mere wave of a hand or a passing remark they will have sufficient power at their disposal to put into confusion and chaos practically the entire electricity supplies from Crewe to Carlisle. Day and night, once the area commences operations, the controlling engineers concerned will be on duty seated before a 10-ft. "mimic" diagram on which will be shown the operations throughout the area.

Each of the selected stations (twenty-nine in all) in this area will be directly linked up with the control house by G.P.O. wires, which will be used not only for telephonic communication, but, by the introduction of an ingenious device, will also give signals on a switchboard whereby the controller can see at a glance if his instructions have been duly carried out.

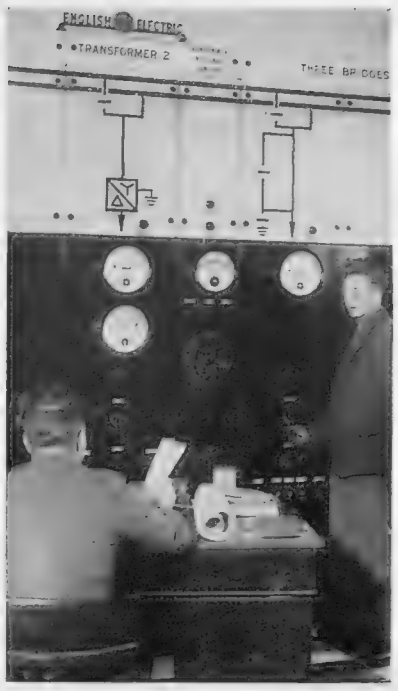
Again, if a transformer is burnt out, or another circuit established in any part of the area concerned, they will be instantly indicated on the diagram.

In the same room a giant indicating board will show the amount of "load" each generating station in the area is developing, while the frequency of the system, controlled by one or two specific stations, will be under constant check.

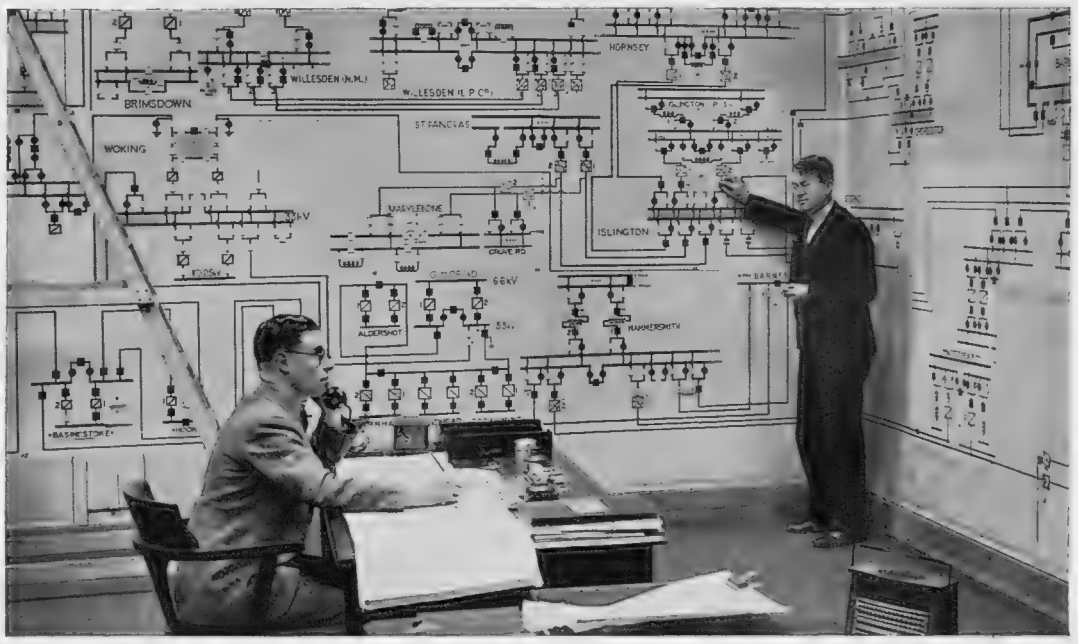
F. G. B.



A CIRCULAR GLASS ROOF is the outstanding characteristic of the new central control station of the grid system in the unpretentious back streets of Bankside, Southwark. The building, foreshadowing perhaps a new architecture in the electrical world, will, when completed, control over 2,500,000 horse-power



ON THE SOUTHERN ELECTRIC at Three Bridges sub-station, on the main Brighton line, where the power for this section of the "road" is switched in



THE "BRAINS" OF THE GRID: This illustration shows the interior of the temporary building in Southwark, where one man controls the entire south-eastern area of the grid system. The walls of the building are papered with a large-scale diagram of the grid on which every town and village taking the supply is marked

A GRID CONTROL ROOM: A view of the central control room of the grid at Broomhill, Glasgow. The electric grid system came into operation in Scotland on New Year's Day. In this room all the principal generating stations in Scotland are interlinked and energy may be passed from one area to another. In the background of the picture is the main indicator board. A similar installation is being constructed for the Southwark station

ELIZABETHAN E

Lent by the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum

THE LAST FAVOURITE OF THE VIRGIN QUEEN: Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, decked with the jewel of the George and bearing the wand of office. This portrait bears out the character ascribed to the ill-fated favourite by Lytton-Strachey: a superb superficies masking complete mental vacuity and practical incapacity

Lent by the Duke of Portland

THE BRUMMELL OF HIS AGE: Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, in the "little apish hat" he affected. He sat at the two great Elizabethan trials—Mary Stuart's and Essex's—but lives in history by his fantastic fopperies and the conceits he brought from Italy

Lent by Lord Hampton

"LUSTY PAKINGTON" was the nickname given to Sir John Pakington by his Sovereign in token of his athletic prowess. A Privy Councillor and a Knight of the Bath, he had an Italianate melancholy and a magnificent figure

Lent by the Duke of Beaufort

IN THE PLATE ARMOUR OF PISA: Sir Charles Somerset, whose ruthless mouth is characteristic both of his family and the days of the middle Tudors

An exhibition of great interest and charm, dealing with the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was opened last week by Lord David Cecil. The exhibition is, by the kindness of the Duke of Westminster, occupying the rooms at 22 and 23, Grosvenor Place, previously devoted to an exhibition of the period of Charles II. This present exhibition is fully as interesting as the previous one to which London flocked in its thousands. Lord David Cecil, on opening the exhibition, remarked that just as one learned most of a person one had not met from a photograph or a room in which he lived, so one learned to know a period from a chair, a pomander, or a roll of stuff. There was no period which one would revisit with more delight than that of Elizabeth, the most vivid, coloured, and picturesque in our history. It was the period of our greatest achievement, whether one looked at our Empire, our literature, or our national Church. There were contrasts of splendour and squalor. One great lord spent £600 on a suit, another sold three woods to buy a cloak, yet the Royal doctor said: "The Queen, her Majesty, taketh a bath every three months whether she needeth or no."

The Elizabethan Exhibition is rich in historical portraits of the famous men and women associated with the era of the greatest of the Tudors, an octette of which is reproduced on these pages.

In addition to the oil paintings, there is a fascinating exhibition of miniatures, most of which are painted, in water-colours or gouache, on parchment laid

NGLAND Revealed in a Loan Exhibition

Lent by Lady Vansittart Neale

OF THE HOUSE OF CECIL: Sir Edward Hoby, who went to Scotland on a mission with his father-in-law, Lord Hunsdon; sat in Parliament; was concerned with the anti-Armada preparations; went on the Cadiz Expedition; and was the patron of Camden

Lent by the Duke of Beaufort

A SOLDIER OF THE SPACIOUS DAYS: Sir George Somerset, son of the 1st Earl of Worcester. His brother, Sir Charles Somerset, was Captain of the Rysebank Tower at Calais. The conventionalized background of the castle and the tent provide an artistic *obbligato* to the martial theme struck by the superb armour with its decorated gilt bands and elaborate arabesque

Lent by Lord Lisle and Dudley

"THE SUBJECT OF ALL VERSE": Mary, sister of Sir Philip Sydney, who dedicated his *Arcadia* to her; patroness of Spenser; co-translator, with her brother, of the Psalms; and wife of the 2nd Earl of Pembroke

down on card. A considerable number of the portraits are by Nicholas Hilliard and Isaac Oliver, two famous names in the history of miniature painting. Students of Stuart history will be particularly interested in the portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, while those who have followed intimately the question of Elizabethan drama will be attracted by numerous portraits and relics relating to this particular subject.

The Duke of Portland lends a portrait of Henry Wriothesley, 3rd Earl of Southampton, the famous patron of Shakespeare, an association commemorated in the dedication of "Venus and Adonis." The portrait of Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, introduces us to a by-pass of Shakespearean controversy, for to him was ascribed, in a volume published a few years ago, the authorship of the Shakespeare poems and plays. It is on the strength of his courtly lyrical verse that this extraordinary claim was made. It is difficult, on looking at his portrait, to imagine Edward de Vere as the author of *Hamlet* or *Macbeth!* De Vere, in his personal appearance, was elegant to the degree of foppishness. Gabriel Harvey thus describes him—

> A little apish hat, couched fast to the pate, like an oyster;
>
> French cambric cuffs, deep with a witness, starched to the purpose;
>
> Delicate in speech; quaint in array; conceited in all points;
>
> In courtly guiles, a passing singular odd man.

Lent by Lord Middleton

CINQUECENTO: Lady Willoughby, the wife of Sir Francis Willoughby, the builder of Wollaton Hall—a characteristic matron of the period, recalling Catherine de' Medici

SKATING IN FIGURES AND FIGURE SKATING: A scene on the Grosvenor House Ice Rink at a rehearsal for a recent gala under the chairmanship of the Duchess of Sutherland

£ S.D. of the ICE RINK

CHAMPIONS OF THE ICE: Albert P. Enders, Champion of Australia, and Sadie Cambridge in a glacial evolution

The Wonderful Popularity of Real Ice Skating and Some Facts and Figures Concerning its Growth

By CHARLES GRAVES

I have often thought that, if I wanted to make money, I would make a comprehensive tour of America and then try to introduce into this country some of its latest ideas of entertainment. Anything from Corinthian bagatelle to ice hockey and (two or three years ago) midget golf has had a big vogue in the United States long before it has reached this country. In the case of ice hockey, and consequently ice skating, America has had the "bulge" on us for some years. With the exception of a portable ice rink in the basement of the Albert Hall, which was followed by a tiny ice rink over a garage in Hertford Street, there was no post-War ice-skating rink in this country of any pretensions before 1926. In that year Mr. Stephen Courtauld discussed the position over dinner one night with Mr. Walter Keigwin, and the London Ice Club resulted in consequence. That was seven years ago. To-day more than £1,000,000 has been sunk in ice rinks and still more capital is earmarked for this purpose.

At the moment there are probably 1,000,000 people skating every week on the ice. That is a big advance on the past, particularly when one realizes that even before the War, when somehow winters were colder and skating was more likely to have a vogue, there was only Prince's, sponsored by the Duchess of Bedford and, still earlier, that ice rink in Petty France which is now a garage.

The progress and expansion of ice-skating on artificial rinks are a duplication on a small scale of greyhound racing. Even now there is only a limited number of rinks in this country, each of which, however, attracts at least 3,000 people a week—a figure which is doubled during the cold weather spell. Mr. Walter Keigwin had no experience whatever of ice rink manufacture until he decided to look into the question of building the London Ice Club. True, he had represented England against Switzerland before the War, but that was all he knew about it. Under his control, ice rinks have become an integral part of public entertainment, and with the introduction of Canadian teams ice hockey is likely to become one of the most popular public spectacles in the country.

The figure of £1,000,000 which has been given to me as being locked up in the industry of ice skating does not involve the several thousands made annually by the manufacture of skating boots and other accessories. There are four different kinds of skates now on the market. There is the English style skate, which is rather low on the ice. There is the Continental style, which is higher and enables strong edges to be taken and small turns to be made. There is the speed skate, which is a long, low affair with a very thin bed. And finally there is the ice hockey skate, which is made as light as possible and has aluminium mountings.

Ice hockey is becoming one of the biggest draws in the country. Each of the fifteen rinks now in existence has one or two teams playing regular league matches. And where they used to get twenty or thirty spectators to watch, there are now several hundreds. In a recent inter-league match at Birmingham more than fifteen hundred people paid their entrance to see the County of Warwickshire playing an invading team. One might think that, enormous as is the increase in the manufacture of skates, it would be still more spectacular in view of the growing fascination for skating. And yet every little ironmonger in the country used to keep skates, and has always kept skates, and the number sold whenever a sharp frost occurred was fantastic. Almost every boy in the country has a pair. But there is no doubt about it, the sale of good skates has gone up out of all proportion since the introduction of these ice rinks.

Another way in which industry in this country has been assisted is in the manufacture of skating boots. An individual rink often hires out 600 pairs of skates and boots a week, and as these last only two seasons it means that the manufacturers are being kept very busy.

In the present cold spell there is a great deal of skating out of doors. This, however, is regarded as a great advantage, and not as a rival, by the ice rink managers. Which is proved by the fact that one of the Liverpool rinks has actually lent its own orchestra to play on an adjoining meadow near Liverpool in order to give a fillip to local ice skating. Natural ice is at least four times as bumpy as the artificial variety. To-day the artificial making of ice is a highly scientific affair, and it is possible to make it either fast or slow as you require.

On the artificial rinks the professionals earn a remarkable amount of money. I am told that far and away the best method of earning a living without undue effort at the moment is to be a professional ice rink gigolo. Although they receive no retainer from the ice rinks where they are engaged, they get a sufficiently high commission on the profits of the lessons they give that they make a very good living out of it. There are, in fact, dozens of skating professionals—most of them foreigners incidentally—who earn a minimum of £15 a week, an average of £25 a week, and a maximum of as much as £30 a week for at least six months in the year. Nor do you have to be so good as all that to be a professional. It is one of the curiosities of ice skating that the good amateurs are always better than the professionals. The two world's champions are Sonja Henie and Fritzie Berger. Both are amateurs. Of the English champions, the best is probably Mrs. Marian Field, who was formerly Miss Marian Laye. Like her stage namesake, she is blonde and very pretty. Her husband is the son of a dentist. There are also the two Misses Shaw of Manchester.

One of the reasons for the popularity of ice skating is that it provides enough exercise to keep any woman and every man over forty perfectly fit if two hours a week of it are indulged in. Ice skating is very exhilarating. It is a great tonic, and gives you far more exercise than you think, particularly when you try to get up after falling down.

"Personally, I know nothing about skating. I have only provided the rinks," said Mr. Walter Keigwin. "We rink managers have rather been 'had,' because we have been encouraged to spend far too much money on these ice rinks. The only method of success with regard to ice rink promotion is to convert existing dance halls into suitable premises for skating. This costs only £10,000 or £12,000 instead of the £80,000 or £100,000 it costs to build a complete building. There have been various failures in the promotion of ice rinks, but this has been due to under-capitalization, faulty management, and the spending of too much money on the original building. Ice skating will never take the place of dancing. A young man likes to cuddle his girl. This he cannot do on the ice, exhilarating though skating on the ice may be.

"Recently I have been approached to build rinks in Paris and in Nice, though it is doubtful whether anything will come of it. In this country the National Skating Association, of which Lord Doneraile is the chairman, is the most important body. One cannot say too much about this. Nor must one fail to emphasize the importance of our bringing over from Canada these crack ice hockey teams like the Edmonton Superior (what a name!). This is being done by the Ice Rinks Managers Association for the purpose of popularizing ice hockey and therefore ice skating. It cost us about £2,000, but in fact I should hate to tell you how big a profit on that original outlay we have made. I myself do not play ice hockey. I am far too quick-tempered."

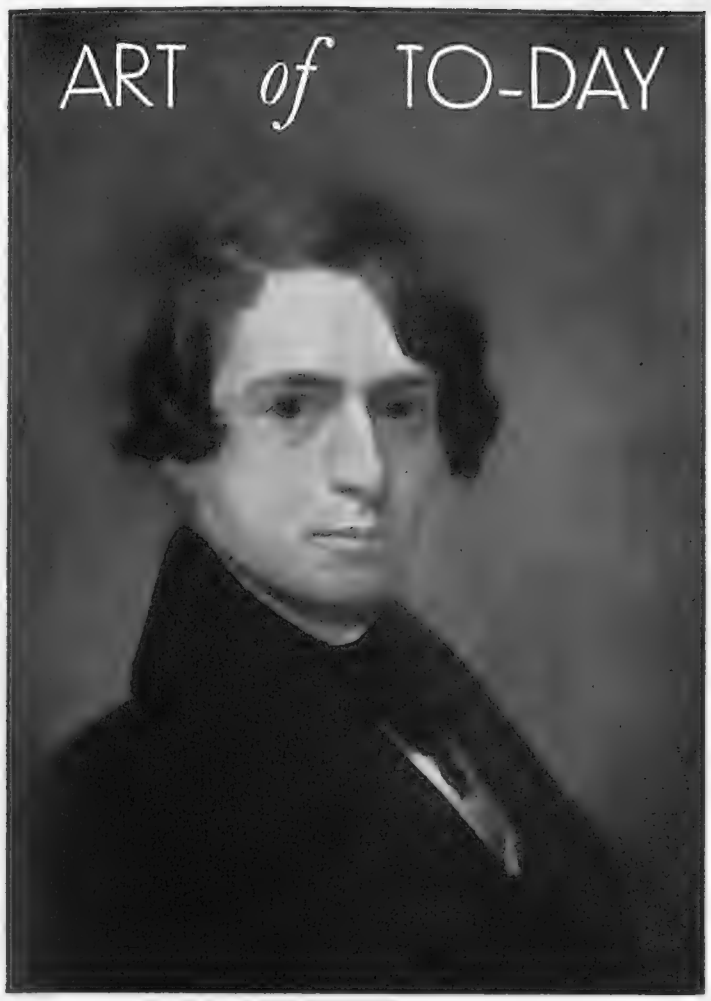
The great question now is—how long will the craze for ice skating last? In the course of the last fifty years there has been a series of cycles of ice skating popularity. Old stagers will remember not only Prince's, but Hengler's and the Niagara, and the Aquarium and other places. Optimists say that for permanent support even a great city like London cannot maintain more than a couple of ice rinks, but this remains to be seen. All the time more and more people are learning to skate on the ice, and every day the standard is improving fast. As a case in point, a little girl eight years old the other day became a silver medallist, thus passing a test which a few years ago proved too much for most grown-up experts. What is more, the woman champion of Great Britain, Miss Megan Taylor, is exactly twelve years old, and won the title when she was eleven.

Speed in particular has greatly increased, and every kind of jump and spin is now practised. A few years ago anybody who could do the Teapot spin, for example, was always sure of a circle of admirers. To-day it is considered most ordinary. This also applies to the Counter Cross spin, the Back Loop jump, the Salchow jump, and the Axel Polsen jump. As for waltzing on the ice, it was not so long ago when only one couple in sixty could do it with any attempt at poise. To-day the majority of skaters do it quite unself-consciously.

I have already referred to the high fees earned by skating instructors attached to individual rinks. Others who are, so to speak, free lances earn as much as £50 and £60 a week from October to April, charging 10s. for a half-hour's lesson.

To end on a Royal note, the latest pupil of Marples, one of the professionals of the Park Lane Ice Club, is Princess Elizabeth. This alone will guarantee a continuance of patronage among children whose parents like to follow the Royal example. But it is hard to visualize how ice rink managers can succeed in cutting their costs and thus keep ice skating popular. At the present moment I am told that the average cost of running an ice rink is between £200 and £300 a week. If this high figure cannot be clipped somewhat it looks as though the present skating craze, which began four years ago, will be unable to maintain itself against its rival modern allurements.

ART of TO-DAY



THE ONLY PORTRAIT OF THOREAU EVER PAINTED is this which, despite its supreme quality, has been authoritatively ascribed, after considerable discussion, to the sitter's sister, Sophia. The portrait of the author of *Walden* is included in the sale of the Hellman Collection

"STAMPEDE," an etching by Anton Lock, the painter and etcher who has made the draught-horse his subject *par excellence*. It is now on view at the Leger Galleries, Old Bond Street

"NEARING THE TOP," by Anton Lock. This shows the oil painting technique as the centre picture on the left-hand side of the page shows the etching skill of the artist, who has concentrated on the interpretation of the draught-horse, and is exhibiting at the Leger Galleries

"THE ROAD O'ER THE MOOR," a drypoint by Anton Lock. This artist, who has expressed his equine sympathy and knowledge in woodcut as well as oils, etching, and drypoint, epitomizes the characteristic of the race: love for the First Servant

"WATER LILIES," by A. E. Cooper. This enchanting example of flower painting is one of the happiest pieces of its *genre* to have been exhibited during the winter season

"ERDA," BY ELIZABETH MUNTZ: This large figure in bronze has been acquired by the Contemporary Art Society and a few private subscribers for presentation to the City Art Gallery, Manchester. Perhaps the most striking detail in the figure is the age and experience on the face of the baby compared with the youth on the face of the mother

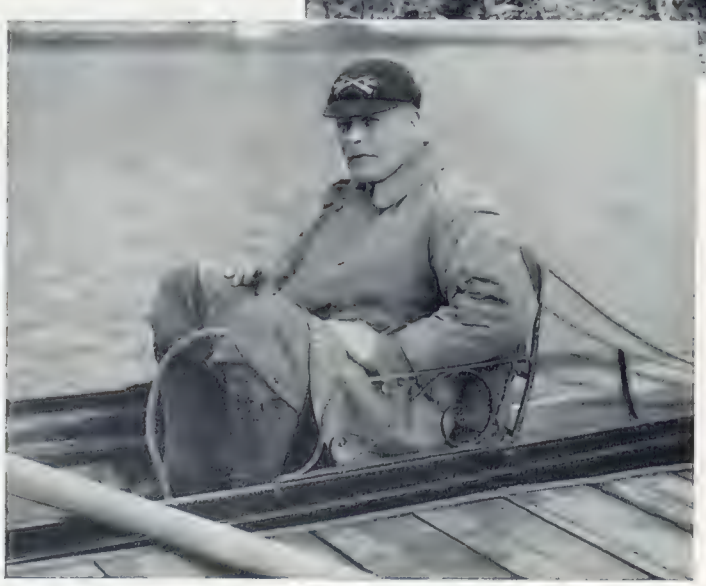
Mr. Anton Lock, painter and etcher of the draught-horse, followed up his success of a year ago by opening an exhibition of a new series of pictures at the Leger Galleries, Old Bond Street, which began on January 30. As far as he is concerned Mr. Lock is determined that our friend the horse shall keep the place he has won in the annals of British Art. His sympathy with his favourites in all their moods and actions is depicted in paintings, drypoints, etchings, and woodcuts with a mastery that shows great knowledge of the animal itself, allied to consummate technical ability. Love for the horse is deep-rooted in the heart of every Englishman. The artist's qualities are well shown in the illustrations we give from some of his latest productions. The exhibition will remain open until February 21

SALMON LEAP: An unusual illustration of a salmon at play. It is seldom that such a picture can be obtained unless the salmon is plunging for its life at the end of an angler's line

THE SALMON FISHING SEASON has now opened on the Tay. *Above*—Mr. Bell Robson, the distinguished Scottish artist, fishing at Kenmore, Loch Tay. *Right*—The first of the season, a 30-lb. salmon, landed at Meikleour

SPORT by LOCH AND RIVER

PASSING ON HIS KNOWLEDGE: Mr. Haig-Thomas, coach to the Cambridge boat race crew, sits on the bank while instructing Mr. W. L. R. Carbonell, No. 5 in the boat, in the mysteries of polished oarsmanship. The two Universities are now getting well ahead with their training preparations



OXFORD'S COACH: Our illustration shows Mr. A. Kitchen, the famous Shrewsbury rowing coach, during an interval while instructing the Oxford crew at Radley. Brigadier-General H. Gibbon will take over from Mr. Kitchen in February

DEWAR'S

— always a welcome "find"!

OCEAN WANDERERS

THE ALBATROSS, faithful follower of ships, keeping its lonely vigil

A First-hand Description of the Lonely Visitors which Follow a Ship in the Far Distant Reaches of the Sea

By H. WINCKLER

A region of absolute emptiness, profound distances, and utter solitude where a ship might pass once in a hundred years. It is as though the earth had gone back to the days when water covered the whole of its surface, and we alone of all created things remained in the centre of a great circle of water from which there is no escape. So many days have passed since the last land was sighted that its existence is almost forgotten, and our goal at the other end of the white line we are trying so ineffectually to trace across the world is equally obscure.

The sea runs high, but it is regular in its movement, and not so high as to endanger or bring any discomfort except such as is incidental to the continual soaring and plunging of the ship. A cold wind, already strong, blows into our faces; it is made stronger by our onward thrust, so that the ship's speed must be added to that of the wind.

This wind, which is a northward eddy of the great westerlies, is exceedingly fresh and pure. It has never passed over any land to become polluted; and it never will, for it flows like an endless stream round the whole earth, in the only complete circle possible without interception.

But we are not the only wanderers in this desert sea. The appearance of the first albatross comes as something of a surprise—that any other creature should be out in this desolation of unfurrowed seas and wasted winds. Just a solitary white speck in the sky that makes one rub one's eyes to make sure it is not one of those dancing pin-points of light that float across the field of vision when gazing fixedly into immense distances.

He is some time coming up because he is tacking against the wind, but his course is straight and true as though he had known of our coming and had set out to keep tryst at this point.

When at last he arrives, he takes up a position a little off the quarter, like an escorting vessel, and seems to settle down there as though having a duty to perform that will take him many days. Occasionally something may distract his attention, when he will wheel off to one side or another to investigate, but he soon returns to the same spot and continues his vigil, with his wise old head turning from side to side as though taking in the minutest detail of all that is going on aboard. His attitude reminds one of an old shellback, running his eye critically over a strange vessel, examining her lines and summing up her points. Perhaps it is this peculiarity that first suggested the superstition that the body of the albatross is the earthly tenement of the departed shipmaster's spirit.

The mystery of that tireless flight is still unsolved. I have timed him by watch—twenty-five minutes without perceptible movement of the wings—and then, growing weary of watching or being called away, have given it up. A few flaps of the wings would seem to supply sufficient momentum to last for hours. As the sails of a ship are trimmed by a skilful seaman to the best advantage, so in a far more subtle way the least alteration in the plane of wings and tail is sufficient to propel the albatross into the teeth of the gale with unfaltering speed and a minimum of effort.

Even when taking flight from the water, as rarely you may see him, unless it is a dead calm there is none of that noisy paddling and flapping of wings as with other birds; all he needs is to spread his wings and the wind does the rest. But in mid-ocean he seldom alights. To study his more familiar habits you must see him in a less romantic setting at the whale-fishing grounds.

There the beautiful birds of the 'forties are scarcely to be recognized. The body of a dead whale is always the signal for a feast. When a kill has been made by a whaler the birds will flock from every point of the compass, coming singly and with decision as though apprised of the news from afar. There follows a scene of disgusting gluttony. They eat till they are unable to rise from the water. Then, like the old-time sailor after a riot of pleasure and incontinence ashore, they return again to the pure winds and clean waters, to abstemiousness and the austerities of the sea.

At last we awake one morning to find our familiar spirit has deserted us. We are drawing near to the land though still encompassed by the stormy seas. The bird has sensed its approach and will have none of it.

After an interval another bird comes out to visit us. His advent is of a very different character. He comes with much flapping of wings, and presently others of his kind come after him, so that for a while there is a small flock coming and going. In naming this bird the cape pigeon, the sailor has done well, for both in flight and appearance he resembles a pigeon, taking the mind back to autumn days at home, when the corn is in shock; to the dark green line of woods from whence comes the arrow-like flight, the swift clapping of wings, and the sound of shots that so often fail of their mark.

With the cape pigeons come the Mother Carey's chickens, but these, if not always with us, seldom for long withhold their company. They are no birds of evil omen, though credited with being the forerunners of storms; but they love rough water and are never so much in evidence as when the seas run high. No stress of weather is sufficient to drive them to seek shelter of the land. In the fiercest of gales a little flock will still follow in the wake of the vessel, darting about even under the crests of the overhanging waves. A very fast steamer, it is true, will leave them behind, for the creatures of the sea, whether fish or fowl, will not tolerate the unseemly haste of man; but the sailing ship, or the tramp steamer, jogging along at eight or nine knots, may be sure of their companionship.

"SPANNING THE OCEAN": With its magnificent wing spread, often measuring as much as 12 ft. from tip to tip, the great wandering albatross of the South Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, faithful follower along the shipping tracks of the Southern Hemisphere, is a never-failing source of wonder to traveller and seamen alike. Its tireless and seemingly effortless flight as it holds its lonely vigil makes it at once the most human and incomprehensible of birds

Mother Carey's chickens seem to get the greatest enjoyment out of life; they are surely the happiest creatures in the world and at the same time the most indefatigable. All day long they flutter about like so many butterflies, and at night, if you listen intently, you will still hear their little twittering note above the surging of the wake. You can see nothing but the trail of luminous water glowing in the surrounding darkness; but out of the gloom the scarcely audible chirp, that reminds you of swallows skimming over placid streams, announces that they are still there. How or when they sleep no one knows; perhaps on the wing, or perhaps they rest on the water at night and catch up again before the daylight comes, but, like the albatross, they are seldom seen to alight.

Dull, languorous heat, a sky of brass, and an oily swell that heaves its long undulations across our path to endless distances. There is no life in this sea, for it moves not of its own volition, but is actuated by some force that is unseen and very far off.

The sun is near to the zenith and there is no wind. His rays beat down with fervent heat, so that the faint draught made by our own movement does no more than intensify the breathless calm.

Through the blue glare of this shimmering furnace we roll incessantly, looking for those low turrets of cloud that would bring a welcome rain and wind to blow some life into a sea that does truly seem to rot in universal stagnation. We are alone with the flying fishes when out of the blue void a new bird comes flying, swift and straight as an arrow, towards us.

In the warm latitudes north and south of the line, this tropic bird is the only one of all our feathered fellow-wanderers that lives and thrives. The great king of all the birds could not survive the fierceness of this blazing noontide; the little petrels cannot brook the stagnation it brings to their restless energy.

But this bird is entirely unaffected by the heat. In shapeliness and plumage he is the most beautiful of all the pelagic wanderers, slender, graceful, and as tireless on the wing as the albatross itself. With him, however, he has little else in common, being of a different family to that of the petrels. He belongs to the tribe of divers and is a near relation to the gannet, so often seen winging his swift way across the grey skies of home waters, or dropping, like Lucifer from heaven, headlong, through hundreds of feet of space, to disappear with a white flash of spray into the sea. This tropic bird has all the characteristics of his kind, the short webbed feet and long, pointed bill; but it is his plumage that gives him distinction. From the ship's deck he is just an ordinary gull, a little slimmer of outline than usual. But if you happen to be swinging aloft, far up in his own free air, he will come floating past within a few feet, giving you a glimpse of the lustrous sheen of his breast, which has the suggestion of pearls, and the faint roseate hue of his throat and tail feathers.

He has a habit of flying up and down the ship's length like a benevolent spirit satisfying itself that all is going well aboard, or as the sailors say, criticizing. The fact that the ship's boatswain is addicted to this habit has suggested the name of "bo'sun bird," by which he is always known; and as he carries a marline spike in his tail in the form of the two long central feathers, nothing could be more appropriate.

In all these birds there seems to be the very spirit of the sea incarnate, all its wild restlessness and all its great freedom.

To the sailor, rather than to the naturalist, they are most familiar, though to him only in name. He is on terms of intimacy with the different species and has an inexhaustible fund of omens and superstitions in connection with them, but that is the limit of his acquaintance; he has other things to attend to beside the study of natural history. But there seems to be some bond of sympathy between him and these feathered wanderers, some sense of companionship not altogether accounted for by the morsels thrown overboard from the cook's galley. It may be that in their nature he sees something akin to his own.

BIRDS *of* MANY FEATHERS

THE HUNTER AND THE SCAVENGER: A remarkable study of an ornithological argument between a buzzard, whose pose is one of tolerant and silent contempt, and a crow whose venomous execration is obvious. The outlines of head and beak provide a most interesting contrast

FLIRTATION ON THE EQUATOR! A pair of albatross kissing, bill-tip to bill-tip. This unusual picture of the domestic life of the wanderers of the southern wastes — which are described in detail in the facing page — was taken on St. Paul's Rocks, off equatorial South America

THE VICTIM OF HIS APPETITE: A cormorant, whose struggle with a bass salmon, somewhat too large even for the elastic maw of his species, resulted in the death of both. The traditionally greedy bird was washed ashore at Barmouth, North Wales, with the salmon he had killed so wedged in his gullet that he could neither give it up nor get it down

A PROTECTED BIRD OF PREY: Shooting the greater bustard of South Africa is now forbidden, owing to the admirable havoc they wreak on the destructive insect life of the Dark Continent. Bustard range from 30 lbs. to, on occasion, 50 lbs. in weight. When properly cooked, the flesh of the bustard makes good eating

THE FLYING—WAGNER: A scene from *The Beggar's Bowl*, the dramatic biography of the greatest of German operatic composers. The demise of this play, forecast in Mr. Page's review, occurred last Saturday (it was produced on Tuesday) owing to there being insufficient cash to pay the actors. British Equity, the newly-formed trade union of the stage, stepped in and forbade the artistes to play on Saturday night without full salaries

PLAYS: Pleasant and Unpleas
Doing? : Why is
in "The Green
Happenings at the Embassy : "Dinner

Mr. Mordaunt Shairp's experience as a schoolmaster having taught him all about the edification of youth, both in precept and in practice, it was only natural that, in a literary sense, he should play truant and show us a picture of youth's corruption. Since Mr. Shairp is also an uncommonly good dramatist, the unpleasantness of *The Green Bay Tree* is tolerable.

Its subject is not deodorised, for in such a case deodorisation is impossible. You can carry your moral sense, if you possess one, along to the St. Martin's Theatre, and find as much pleasurable pain in having it offended as did the medieval flagellants in scourging themselves each evening, with special matinées on Ash Wednesday and Good Friday. But your moral scents must remain corked, for a whole shelf of them would not make this play smell the sweeter.

A FAMILY AFFAIR: Mr. Graham Moffat's *Bunty Pulls the Strings* has been revived with considerable success at the Saville Theatre. In a cast of seven, no fewer than four members of the Moffat family take part

Now for the necessary euphemisms. Mr. Dulcimer was rich, middle-aged, sibilant, and known as "Dulcie." Whenever his selfishness was thwarted or his artistic taste offended, he got into quite a tantrum.

Both calamities occurring when Julian, the handsome youth whom he had adopted, declared his intention of being gross enough to get married, "Dulcie's" grey hairs were bowed in sorrow and he swore that he would never give the lad another penny, so there! At this distressing moment a male character appeared in the person of Julian's father, a Bible-thumping Welsh dairyman who was ungallant enough to shoot "Dulcie" dead.

In spite of my belief in the adage about "the man who, save in the way of kindness, raises his hand, etc." I liked that dairyman. Julian, however, thought that it was no use crying over spilt milk, or even spilt blood, and was prepared to settle down to expensive married life on "Dulcie's" fortune. But the *fiancée* jibbed at tainted money. So Julian, preferring the Dulcie *domum* with a large income to married life with no income at all, jilted her.

We catch a final glimpse of him in his dead friend's luxurious flat, helping a congenial butler to arrange the daffodils. . . .

The play has its faults. The scenes are too detached. The thing is episodic as well as epicene. I cannot picture any girl giving up a packet of money and the lad with whom she (for some unfathomable reason) was in love just because the former—or both for that matter—had belonged to someone somebody else had shot.

And the whole plot is weakened by the revelation that Julian cannot have been fighting an evil influence at all. The death-dealing dairyman need not have shot anyone; but while he was about it he would have done better to have completed the cleaning up by shooting Julian too.

Yet the stage-craft on the whole is superb, the dialogue easy and amusing, and the excitement genuine. If a companion picture to *Children in Uniform* and an echo of *Dorian Gray* had to be, there is some consolation in the fact that the work has been well and even brilliantly done.

Mr. Frank Vosper's picture of "Dulcie" showed uncanny observance. Mr. Hugh Williams, steering with skill through equally dangerous waters, brought out the petulant hedonism of Julian. The grimly fanatical Welshman of Mr. Herbert Lomas was another fine study.

DISCERNING LANCASHIRE: Before [illegible] Gaiety, Mr. Cochran tested the [illegible] House, Manchester, believing [illegible]

A WELSH GENIUS AND HIS DISTINGUISHED MOTHER: Mr. Ivor Novello, author of so many outstanding London successes, seen with his mother, Madame Clara Novello Davis, on the first night of his successful comedy, *Fresh Fields*, at the Criterion. With its talented cast including the languorous Lilian Braithwaite, this entertaining drawing-room comedy is clearly in for a long run

Forty-eight hours before sampling Mr. Shairp's comedy of strange manners, I had seen a play in which two characters, having talked to each other in terms of affection which no sisters would, and no women should, dream of using, are concerned over a dog-whip. This whip the elder sister is about to apply to that portion of the younger most suited to the purpose, both for her own peculiar satisfaction and because the girl was a selfish minx who had lured a man from his wife.

We certainly do have fun in what some people actually call "our Censor-ridden theatre." Fortunately, the audience at the Embassy Theatre greeted this with healthy laughter. Such laughter was not fortunate for the author, who obviously meant us to be very much thrilled and possibly a little shocked. Mr. Hugh Walpole did not hear it, for he was on the way to Jamaica on a pleasure cruise at the time, and I shall be surprised if *The Young Huntress* is running when he returns.

Serious plays accepted by the audience in a spirit of hilarity have before now been deliberately switched round into intentional fun-makers. Although that last scene was inexpressibly ludicrous, all that preceded it was heavy and wordy and admitted of no such developments; nor do I think that Mr. Hugh Walpole would in any event be the sort of person to attempt them.

...ant : What is the Censor ...there a Censor? : Evil ... Bay Tree" : Strange ...at Eight" at the Palace

By PHILIP PAGE

Little but boredom could ever result from the greater part of this tale of an egotistical blonde, her quaint sister, a dull man, a long-suffering wife and—a dog-whip. They all talked and talked and talked, and I must praise Miss Margery Binner if only for remembering that enormous part as well as congratulate her on narrowly escaping a hiding.

The Young Huntress is said to be Mr. Walpole's first play written directly for the stage. In that case the sooner he returns to writing for the stage indirectly the better. *The Man with Red Hair* and *The Cathedral* were most interesting.

IN HER "BEST" ROLE: During the absence of Miss Edna Best from the cast of *Another Language* at the Lyric Theatre, her place has been taken by Miss Celia Johnson. Our illustration shows Miss Johnson with Mr. Herbert Marshall during a scene in the second act

If the hero of *The Beggar's Bowl* at the Duke of York's had been, say, Richard Walker, plumber, unknown to anybody, instead of Richard Wagner, composer, known to the whole of the civilized world, would this have been a good or even a tolerable play? It would not. And that is the test.

Dramatists must not expect the historical fame of their characters to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them. Indeed, the historical aspect is quite a secondary one, as Shakespeare knew so well. Shakespeare did not care, and probably did not know, whether his Macbeth was an exact portrait; his only concern was with writing a good play, and a good play it would still be if Macbeth were rechristened Harry Lauder.

...introducing his new musical comedy, *Mother of Pearl*, at the ...opinions of discerning Lancashire audiences at the Opera ...perhaps, that what Lancashire approves to-day London will ...applaud to-morrow

Mr. Hugh Marleyn, who wrote *The Beggar's Bowl*, is not a Shakespeare by a long chalk. But that is no reason why in this respect he should not follow Shakespeare's method, although it would take a giant like Shakespeare to write an adequate play about a giant like Wagner.

When the historical personage is not so far removed by time, the task is for many and obvious reasons more difficult. There must be additional concentration on the worth of the drama as such.

We do not need a detailed portrait of Wagner's life on the stage, since if we want such information there are books innumerable about the great man. There are even a few people still alive who knew him. And one can always ring up Mr. Ernest Newman, who is quite amiable (except sometimes in print), and spend twopence on a 'phone call instead of twelve-and-sixpence on a stall.

Mr. Marleyn has conscientiously trotted out a platoon of Wagner's friends: from the mad King of Bavaria to the pet parrot, whose name, I am able to inform the compiler of the programme, was Knackerschen.

There is the young Wagner in political scrapes, the middle-aged Wagner in debt, the hen-pecked Wagner, the Wagner in love, gazing with yearning into the eyes of Mathilde Wesendonck, while a small orchestra plays the love *motif* from *Tristan*. But never for a moment is there a real Wagner or a real man at all.

That is partly because Mr. Marleyn has attempted to cover nearly the whole ground instead of making a play out of one episode; and partly, I fear, because, though knowledgeable and enthusiastic, he does not here show any true sense of character or of the stage. *The Beggar's Bowl* is empty of almost everything but dullness. Much more is needed than the mere labelling of this figure Wagner, that figure Liszt, another figure Cosima, and so on, and giving them long and lifeless sentences to speak.

The cast were therefore terribly handicapped. Mr. Frank Harvey could no more manage to look like Wagner than I could look like Constance Bennett; but he did his best, as a good actor, to make something of the part. The casting of Cosima, who died only recently and with whom I have talked many times, was ludicrously unsuitable. Mr. H. A. Saintsbury was really rather like Liszt, and consequently more Abbé at his job. Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore took hold of her one chance as Minna, and Miss Barbara Hoffe, wandering about with a lamp in the manner of Florence Nightingale, was lovely enough to inspire half-a-dozen operas of the *Tristan* brand.

By the way, the completed score of *Tristan* which Wagner placed in her lap was rather smaller than an *ABC* railway guide. A month's file of *The Times* would have provided the necessary verisimilitude.

In spite of having seen *Dinner at Eight* twice in a fortnight, once on one side of the Atlantic and once on the other, I will forbear comparison. That Miss Constance Collier's performance in this play at the Music Box, New York, is one of the supreme comedy creations of all time is simply a statement of fact. *Dinner at Eight* at the Palace Theatre, London (Eng.), is magnificently entertaining, as uneven as a play as it was elsewhere, and almost perfectly acted. And only once is the production at fault—at the close of a kitchen scene in which some important dialogue is drowned in a din from the radio, and the whole point of it lost.

I must see the play yet again in order to find out what this episode is really about, and this will be the reverse of an ordeal.

For the whole work is none the worse for being, in the conventional sense, plotless. Of the water-tight compartments which surround the anxieties of the hostess, exquisitely played by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, The most brutally amusing is the squabble between the ambitious careerist (Mr. Lyn Harding) and his wife, who is the condensation of American blondism, hard-bitten but alluring, in the person of Miss Carol Goodner.

MR. NOEL COWARD, always a favourite with American audiences, is now charming the citizens of Cleveland, Ohio, with his caustic but unembittered English wit. Our picture shows him with Miss Lynn Fontaine in a scene from *Design for Living*, which it is to be hoped will be seen in London before long

BOOKS

In the Kitchen of a Great Hotel : Jewry Made Literate : Ill-Considered Over-Writing by a Woman

By CECIL ROBERTS

MR. GERALD BULLETT, whose collaboration with Mr. J. B. Priestley is a new type of thriller reviewed below

MR. DENNIS WHEATLEY, whose first novel, *The Forbidden Territory*, shows great promise and greater gusto

One of Arnold Bennett's last novels was about an hotel. As I read M. Pierre Hamp's *Kitchen Prelude* (Constable, 7s. 6d.) I could not help thinking how he would have delighted in this book and have taken many details from it for his own. M. Hamp has cost me a night's rest. I picked up his book on returning home from the theatre, for just a few minutes' reading, and I could not put it down. It was four o'clock when I went to bed.

This is autobiography of a singular order. The author began life as a kitchen hand and he tells us the story of those early years as a pastrycook-apprentice, and then as a cook. He was in the Restaurant Marguéry in Paris, the Savoy, and the Berkeley Hotels in London. For a short time he was at the Metropole at Brighton. He reveals aspects of life in these large hotels such as those who ring bells and give orders can never know. When you come to think of it, a large hotel is a very wonderful organization. It has an internal mechanism which is never seen but which must function perfectly. You order a sole and expect it within ten minutes. Underground, an army of employees has been set in motion to bring that warm plate with its sole on to your table.

I have heard terrible and hair-raising facts about life in the kitchens of great houses, for I once possessed a garrulous servant who was raised in these places. He opened my eyes to the feuds that go on downstairs, to the jeopardy of aristocratic stomachs upstairs. M. Hamp tells the story of a jealous under-chef who powdered a course with fine sand in order to ruin his chief, but on the whole he spares us. Nevertheless, when I was lunching in a famous London grill on the day after reading *Kitchen Prelude* I smiled grimly at my fellow guests. The walls had suddenly become transparent, I had a mental cross-section view of the whole complex organism. I looked to see if any of the guests had ordered turtle soup. I should have felt very uneasy. Would Mr. Michael Arlen, sitting there calmly after his excursion into the future, or Mr. C. S. Evans, or Mr. Gollancz, or Mr. Liam O'Flaherty order it? No, none of us ordered turtle soup. It is not often I encounter turtle soup, but if ever it confronts me again I shall sternly reject it. Here is what M. Hamp discloses in the dark life of the vegetable larder :

> In there it was like being at the centre of a huge bouquet of all sorts of greenery, from the soft delicate chervil to the stiff cucumber. In the midst of cabbage leaves and curly parsley were tomatoes from the Channel Islands and aubergines and early vegetables from the South of France and the Province of Genoa. Provisions were sent here from all over the world. Lying in the coolness of the tender green plants enormous turtles were waiting for the knife-thrust to put an end to their sufferings, which had begun in the seas off Japan and the South Sea Islands. Nailed to the planks of the vessels so that they should not move and fall overboard, they had endured this torment all through the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, before their poor tortured flesh was melted down into the national soup of the British Empire.

As far as I am concerned, that is the end of turtle soup in my life. What horrors are mercifully hidden from us.

M. Hamp loved his life in London. He saw it in the most drab circumstances. M. Escoffier ruled as chef at the Savoy in those days. He was an aristocrat of his profession. The kitchen-boys looked upon him as a drummer-boy looks upon a Field-Marshal. In some kitchens life is a veritable hell. There was one in Paris—" Our labours made us stream with strong-smelling sweat. With our bodies scorched by the flames and boiled in perspiration, we used to run about for hours on end as if devils were sticking pitchforks into us behind. Lashed by the oaths of the boss and the shouts of the waiters, we were worked to death, the flesh was worn off our bones by incessant movement."

The bullied apprentices of the kitchen seldom saw the light of day. They came out into the cool of the night, their knowledge of the cities in which they worked was restricted to explorations after dark. Their clothes still smelt of the fats among which they worked. The sanitary conditions in which they had to sleep and live were often wretched. Things have improved since those early days of M. Hamp. The comfort and the cleanliness of the staff have to be studied now. A certain amount of trade unionism has crept in. " It amused us to watch men building a house opposite the Savoy ' down tools ' exactly on time. If one of them, carrying mortar, heard the signal when he was half-way up a ladder he would come down and put his hod on the ground again rather than finish his climb to the top." There were nights off when M. Hamp walked out with a Miss Andrews. It was a way of learning English. One of her chief interests was " being saved " at Salvation Army meetings. He heard a professional boxer, with split ears, give his testimony. " Ladies and gentlemen, I have been a thief and a murderer, but I came to meet Jesus and now I am saved. You do the same as me ! " He was a star turn at revival meetings.

What a world rich in character and types M. Hamp found via the kitchen door. He writes at times like a poet, with a quick appreciation of such beauty as he could discover. *Kitchen Prelude* takes its name from the fact that cookery was only a prelude to an astonishing life. M. Hamp left the kitchen, rose to be a stationmaster at a French seaport, became a Government factory inspector, a wool expert at Roubaix, and, finally, a writer. It is obvious he is a born writer ; every page of this vivid, unusual book reveals his talent. After reading this book, no restaurant can ever be quite the same to the patron who calmly surveys a menu card and sets in motion the white-jacketed minions of the kitchens below.

In *Groping* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) Miss Naomi Jacob is determined not to show too much sympathy with her characters. She creates three generations and is not in love with any one of them. Marcus Stern stole his father's money, left a dreary home, embarked upon London, and made good in a theatrical agent's business. He married without loving, and only when a son was born to him at the cost of his mother's life did he glimpse his real loss. The son, in turn, is an independent, cold-blooded creature who goes his own way. Yet despite the detached attitude Miss Jacob adopts, she endows her Sterns with such vitality that one is swept along by sheer interest in life. I do not like this book so much as its predecessors, but it has Miss Jacob's customary ability and verve. It is rich with incident and acute feeling and, unlike so many modern novels, the canvas is covered in every inch. Is it because she writes from the lovely serenity of Sermione, Lake Garda, that she has such a zest for the bright activity of the common day ?

Where should a novelist stop short in his desire to render the idiom of his characters in keeping with the historical setting ? In a classical novel one makes no attempt to be archaic or classical. Why, then, should Mr. J. M. Denwood in his novel, *Knights of the Moon*, a Border tale (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), go " theeing " and " thouing " his way so laboriously ? What with the Scots idiom and plentiful plastering " Of a surety "—there are twenty in the first 100 pages—and halidoms, gramercys, and sooths, I had to give up. " In sooth, fair boy, thy frail looks belie thy strength." It all belied mine.

A Young Gentleman in Poland, by Alexander Lernet-Holenia (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.), is the story of a young officer who masqueraded as a dairy-maid. He is a second-lieutenant in the King of Hanover's Hussars. Naturally, disconcerting adventures befell him. The theme of *Charlie's Aunt* seldom fails to raise a laugh. Here is a German-Austro-Polish version written in a spirit of satirical comedy.

It has always been a mystery to me how authors collaborate. I believe Mr. J. B. Priestley and Mr. Gerald Bullett have done it before. They have done it again very well in *I'll Tell You Everything* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). I have a feeling there is more of Mr. Bullett than Mr. Priestley in this book, and it is a nice problem to decide to whom belongs the sentence in which we are told that Bloomsbury " is little more than a warren of bed-sitting rooms punctuated by sad if spacious squares." It would be unfair to reveal the plot of this ingenious story, which keeps one guessing to the end. The story spreads its net across the earth, and there is something wrong in the State of Euravia. This is a different kind of mystery story, and the interest is sustained to the last sentence.

Miss Sheila Donisthorpe made a not very admirable sensation with her first novel. Its successor, *Sets Your Star* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), reads like the talk of a badly brought-up child determined to shock the drawing-room. She has vigour and vulgarity to an unusual degree. Almost any page finds Miss Donisthorpe determined to shock the reader into attention. " Marvelling that life could be so lovely, Jane for two blissful weeks devoured shell-fish, tore her bloomers, cut a fringe, sucked pear-drops between meals, got her feet soaked with salt water, smoked a cigarette, and completely ignored toe-nail night." I do not know why it should be blissful to tear one's bloomers or to delay cutting one's toe-nails. Doubtless heroines do these things, but why Miss Donisthorpe should think we are interested I do not know. But I am more perturbed by Miss Donisthorpe's violence to her language than to her bloomers. She may not cut her nails, but she should prune her prose.

". . . the rhythm and colour of the night beating together, floating through her consciousness, was her life and the life of the whole world. With it the flame of her love would burn everlastingly." With what? What is " it " ? Can colour beat it, and if so, how does it float? And is it colour that would burn everlastingly, or rhythm, or the night? Elsewhere Miss Donisthorpe talks " of all the God-awful jobs in the world." This seems one of them, if we must descend to such terms. Again, we learn that " unshakable love pressed warm against the soul of Mary. It never became acquainted with defeat. The quality was unalloyed granite and impervious to assaults. It swung heavily in the walls of her body, as much part of her as the very breath she drew." If it is unshakable love I fail to understand how it could swing heavily in the walls of her body, even assuming a cavernous anatomy, and if it can swing and yet be unshakable, how can it have the quality of unalloyed granite ? I have never heard of a granite alloy, but then, I am no geologist, and do not know what fusion can be achieved with the aid of " it." Anatomy or chemistry does not seem Miss Donisthorpe's strong point, but her lovers are certainly of a gymnastic nature. " Later they stood by the open window together. She tucked her head beneath his arm." Perhaps Miss Edna Best or one of our more agile actresses will give a demonstration of this in a love scene. It is singular to me, though it is not new to me, to learn that when Jane went to the young man's room, on his last night before going to the Front, she stayed. In fiction, if not fact, that is always so. Jane has strange fears, unlike the fears of anyone else—" a whole family of fears pattered along beside her. They tweaked her throat, hammered at her heart and whispered sick, furtive warnings." Pattering, tweaking, hammering and whispering, they are a versatile family to attack a poor girl. And on the night when Jane crossed the Rubicon, though we learn later she annoyed the young man by only half-crossing, she made her decision and " laughed lightly. Her voice floated back like a perfume. Her lips were palely silvered. Curve of mouth and lash slipping into silver moonlight." I have always thought those fixable lashes were rather treacherous things.

This book must be read to be disbelieved.

Mr. Dennis Wheatley has gone to Russia for the setting of his first novel, *The Forbidden Territory* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.). It is obvious that he knows his territory thoroughly, by train and by air, and he vividly conveys the intense excitement that envelops the epicurean Duc de Richleau during his secret mission to the Soviet Republic. Mr. Oppenheim must look to his laurels. I could have wished that Mr. Wheatley had not spoiled his story with too much plot and that he had brought more reality to his characterization. The descriptive passages are most vividly done, and the flight by aeroplane across the Russian frontier is well told. The Duc is a little too true to the Drury Lane tradition, and Mr. Wheatley is apt to be cheated by his own ingenuity. The faults are faults of excess, which is a rare thing these days. The whole story has tremendous pace and gusto.

BOOKS TO READ

YORKSHIRE, by Frank Harriet Wrugg Elgee (Methuen. 10s. 6d.).

RIDING RECOLLECTIONS, by Whyte Melville (Country Life. 6s.).

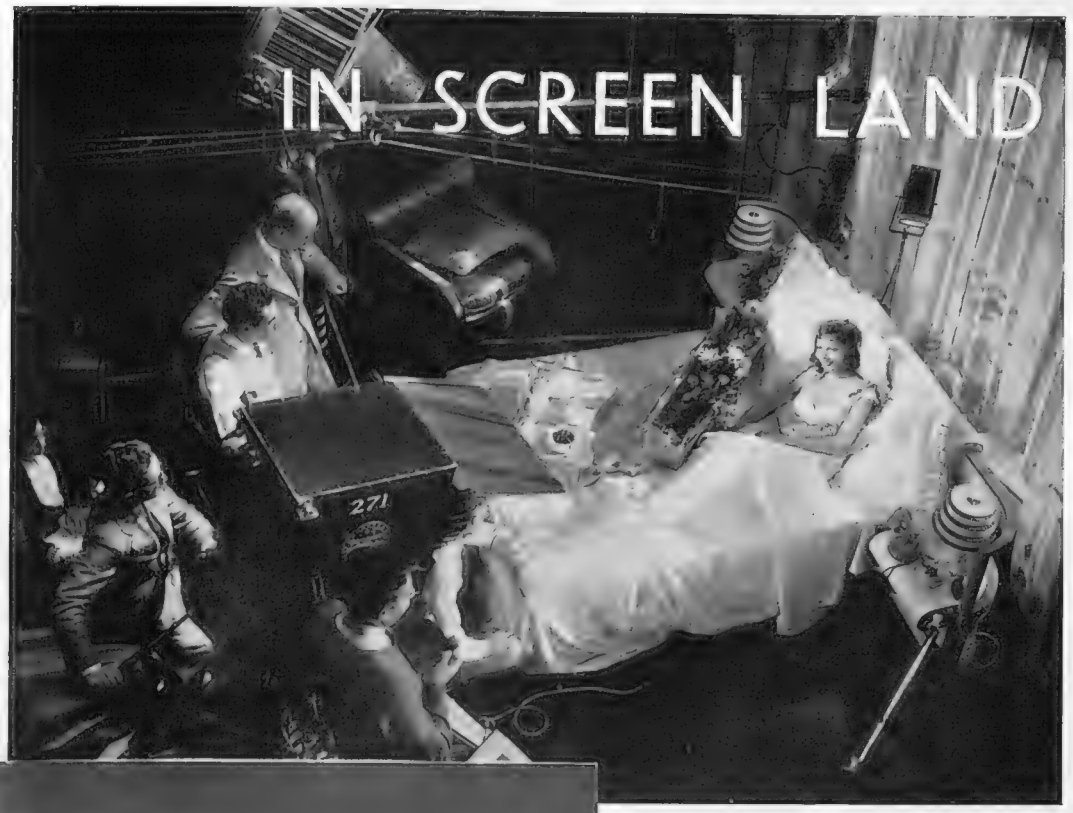
GARDENS AND GARDENING (Studio Annual. 7s. 6d.).

BITTER COMEDY, by Joy Baines (Harrap. 7s. 6d.).

WITHOUT A STAIN, by Kathleen Wallace (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.).

DUKE, by John Beames (Benn. 7s. 6d.).

IN SCREEN LAND

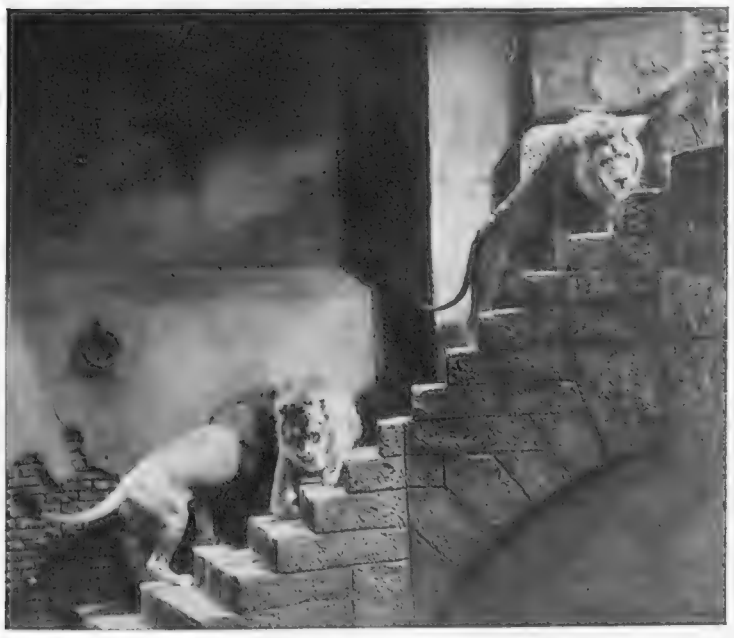


AS HOLLYWOOD SEES IT: Miss Claudette Colbert from a scene in *The Queen was in the Parlour*, a recent Paramount production

A TALENTED SCREEN PERSONALITY: Miss Diana Napier, who has lately been making a picture for the Sterling Film Company entitled, *Her First Affaire*. A great future is predicted for this talented recruit to British films. The cast of her latest film includes Harry Tate and Ida Lupino

MISS NORMA SHEARER who has lately thrilled London audiences with her versatile screen interpretation of Eugene O'Neill's psycho-analytic play *Strange Interlude*. The Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer star is here seen in an item from her new wardrobe. The screen star of to-day must not only keep pace with but be ahead of the fashion

On left.—A SCREEN ADAPTATION: Mr. Henry Kendal and Miss Binnie Barnes in a scene from *Counsel's Opinion*, a new production



A PARAMOUNT SPECTACLE: A scene from Mr. Cecil B. De Mille's latest production, *The Sign of the Cross*, a dramatic presentation of the Roman Court in the decadent days of the Emperor Nero. Mr. Charles Laughton, one of the screen's greatest interpreters of character parts, is the Emperor Nero

A ROMAN HOLIDAY: A megalomaniac Emperor, with a god complex, that precipitated the fall of an Empire, must surely provide matter for one of the most thrilling historical films ever presented. Our picture shows another scene from *The Sign of the Cross* now current at the Carlton

TRAVEL

FOUR SQUARE TO THE DESERT: The exterior of the monastery of Deir-el-Abeid, a Coptic building of the fifth century which mingles the Egyptian and early Christian schools of architecture. The cornices are definitely Egyptian

THE ABBOT in full regalia with ceremonial cross and censer. His white robe is devotionally embroidered in purple and gold

THE MAIN CHURCH with a twelfth century dome and the old arch walled in in modern brick. The vergers sit by the door

EARLY CHRISTIAN TRACERY: Details of the magnificent carving of frieze and capital over the High Altar—a veritable lure for architects. Lingering traces of the colour that once blazed can be seen backing the carving

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK: A Coptic priest and members of the community over which he rules

WHAT TO SEE IN EGYPT

Those visiting Egypt in the winter and early spring may be recommended to pay a visit to the Deir-el-Abeid Monastery of Sohag in Upper Egypt. This series of views was recently obtained by the traveller, Mr. John Carveth Wells

A CANADIAN GIANT: Victoria Mountain, one of the highest peaks on Vancouver Island, British Columbia, towers nearly 7,095 ft. above the island, providing the most formidable test for mountaineers

THE LITTLE ALPS OF VANCOUVER ISLAND: Almost forgotten by the mountaineer and Alpinist, probably on account of their proximity to Mount Robson and the Canadian Rockies, the peaks of Vancouver Island supply climbing of the most interesting kind. Footholds are safe and sure, and there are chimneys in abundance to test the skill of even the hardiest climber

CROWN MOUNTAIN: The precipitous southern face of one of Vancouver Island's most majestic peaks

CANADIAN PEAKS WORTH CLIMBING

To the mountaineer seeking for fresh fields to conquer Vancouver Island and its giant peaks provide a test of stamina sufficient to stimulate even the most hardened veteran. Our illustrations on this page depict mountain scenery in the heart of the island

KER-SEYMER

HEADLINES

FORWARD THE HAT BRIGADE

WHAT they say of ethics is true of millinery; it matters less what you do than how you do it. So much depends upon the tilt! The new hats take as their right a forward position. They are all small and many are high at the back where trimming, if there is any, is posed.

In the vanguard there are the little narrow and straight brimmed sailors, first launched by Suzanne Talbot. They are evocative of Edwardian reminiscence and will be much worn this Spring, and worn in a special way; placed straightly on top of the head and tilted well forward to show the hair at the back.

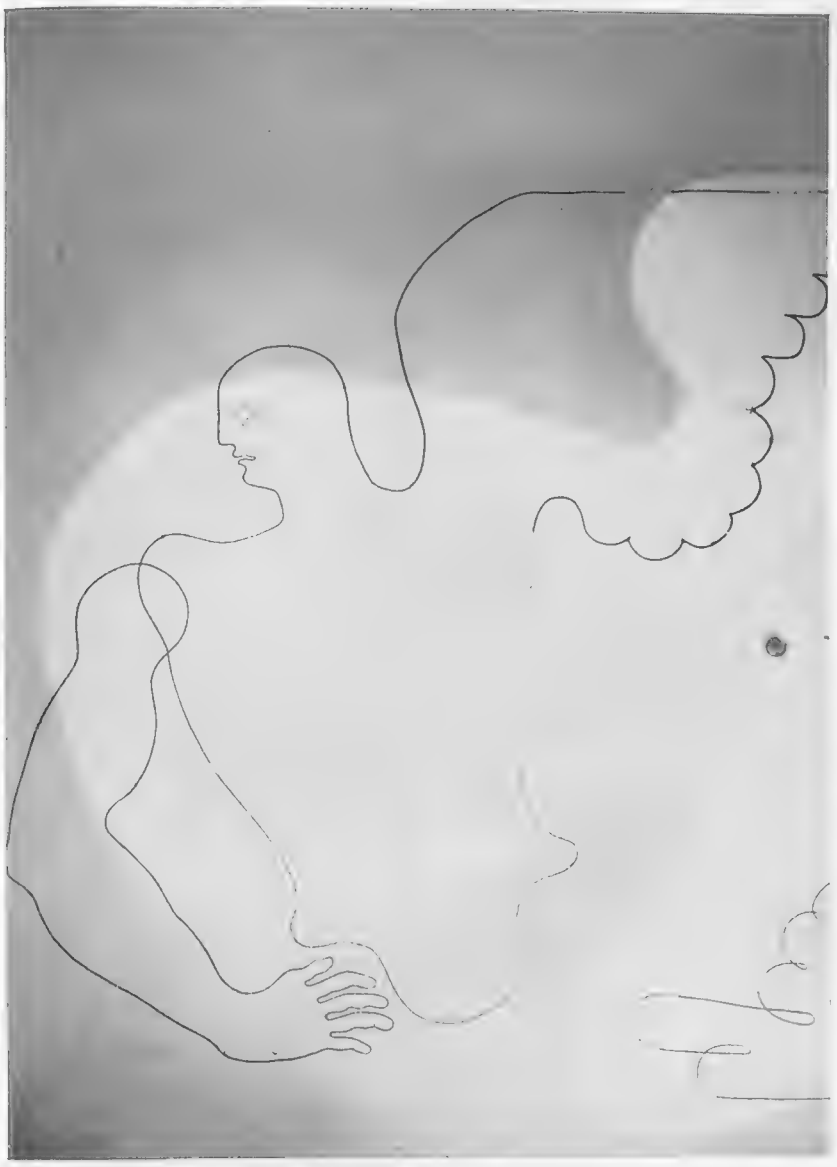
Another innovation, sponsored by no less an autocrat than Reboux, is the type with high back brims turned frankly upwards to show all the hair at the back and accentuate the forward tendency. Little Highlander bonnets, although not so new, still find favour with the cognoscenti in matters of the mode.

Among the other new shapes both versatile and flattering, one of the most chic and original is the Cossack cap, often made of quilted fabrics, taffeta or wool, with turned-up cuff brims, which Suzanne Talbot is showing. Schiaparelli has also added this type to her famous repertoire of knitted woollen hats.

At the top of the page we see the Hon. Mrs. James Rodney in a hat which startled—not to say enchanted—the Ritz. The peculiarly smart neckpiece shown together with the suit came from Paul Caret. Below (right) is a Marcelle Lely sports hat of greige silk-stitched felt, trimmed with an orange feather *fantaisie*. A considerable crop of such hats is announced for the coming season. Small hats—witness the smart Helène Corbett model shown on the left—remain in fashion

NEW

This admirable scheme, designed and executed by Duncan Grant and Vanessa Bell, transformed an erstwhile dingy Victorian dining-room into a blaze of brilliant and subtle colour in Lady Gerald Wellesley's country house



MURALS IN FAMOUS PEOPLE'S HOUSES

These striking murals were designed for an entrance hall by John Banting for Rosamond Lehmann, author of "Dusty Answer," "A Note in Music" and "Invitation to the Waltz." John Banting has been described as the leading English sur-réaliste

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE MORRIS RANGE: The Morris "25" Saloon, the largest and most luxurious of the models made by this famous firm. The equipment includes the new and exclusive direction indicator consisting of three coloured lights—red, amber, and green—fitted on both sides of the car

WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

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LONDON'S NEW LANDMARK.—I was fortunate enough to be present at the opening of the new Shell-Mex House on the Embankment the other day. The building of a new structure is not in itself a matter of great moment, but in these days the completion of such a magnificent and impressive building is something which cannot be permitted to take place without comment. To start with, this new Shell-Mex building is a very fine example of modern architecture, and its plain, straightforward, but intensely impressive lines make it a landmark in the skyline of modern London. Inside it is a very interesting example of how modern science and construction can be applied to office accommodation. I will not pretend that I made a complete tour of the building, but what I did see interested me almost beyond words. To start with, the boiler house in the basement is so large that I first imagined myself to be inspecting quite a fair-sized electricity works. When a very meek householder like myself is accustomed to a small-sized Ideal boiler to operate the domestic hot water supply and the central heating of a small dwelling, it comes somewhat as a shock to find six colossal oil-fed boilers installed in a building such as the one in question. Elaborate machinery is installed to purify the water, and pumps are used for circulation, as the whole system is so efficient that when the water returns to the boiler room after it has travelled round the building it is only 15 deg. lower than when it left. This efficiency prevents the water being circulated on the ordinary thermo-syphon system.

I took more than the usual amount of interest in the kitchens which will serve the staff restaurant. Stainless steel is used almost everywhere and all the heat for the ovens, the ranges, and the hot plates is derived from oil. Dirty plates are put into racks and are taken by a mechanical conveyor through a steam washing chamber where they are cleaned, and the heat imparted to them is sufficient to dry them off when they leave the chamber.

STATISTICS.—The lifts, and I do not remember having ever seen more in a building, appear to me to require a highly skilled engineer to operate them, but I expect that when they are thoroughly inspected they are not nearly so complicated as they look at first sight. The huge clock with its tower on top of the building can be seen for miles around, but it is not only an ornament, for it serves as a ventilation outlet. Whilst talking of this new Shell-Mex building I would like to quote some statistics which were handed to me at the opening ceremony. In 1921 the number of motor vehicles on the streets numbered 846,088, whereas now the number is 2,221,740. Civil aircraft then numbered seventy-nine and now number 775, whilst the respective figures for petrol pumps in the country were 27,661 and 109,907. In ten years the market for petroleum products has grown by 200 per cent., and so it is not surprising that Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd. have to find employment for a staff of 15,000 people.

The building of this huge structure demonstrates to us ordinary folk that at least one big business concern considers that the depression which now hangs over the country will lift very shortly, and I must say that their enterprise, if only followed by similar moves on the part of other businesses, will help very considerably towards drawing better times closer.

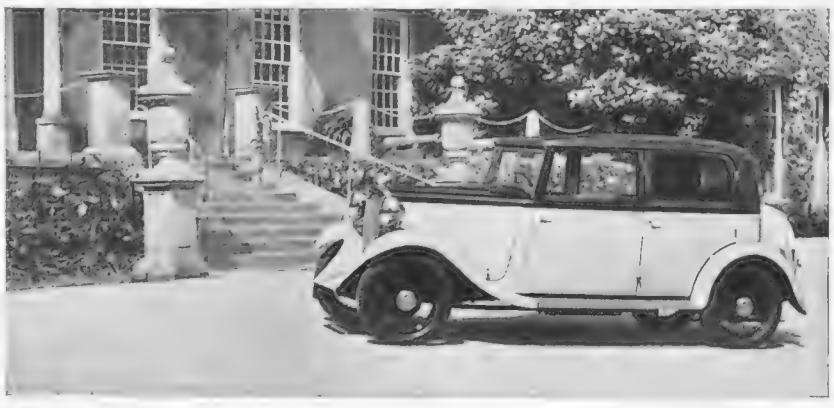
THE R.A.C. RALLY.—Now that the Monte Carlo Rally is a thing of the past those interested in the competition world are turning their thoughts towards the R.A.C. Rally which this year will have Hastings as its headquarters. Although the final date for receiving entries is not until Monday, February 13, the R.A.C. advise all intending competitors to enter without delay as only a certain number of cars are permitted to start from each control, and the quota in some cases has almost been completed. Competitors are reminded that through the courtesy of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club they can practise their eliminating tests free of charge on the track which has been specially marked out for their convenience.

THREE TYPES OF WINDSCREEN WIPERS.—The windscreen wiper is in itself a remarkably cheap accessory, but it performs very useful work. Experience on many makes of motor cars drives me to the conclusion that there is a good demand for a more expensive instrument that will carry out its job with greater certainty and more efficiently than is the case with the articles at present offered to motorists. Without a windscreen wiper working, driving in rain or in other unpleasant weather conditions is a very difficult and dangerous proceeding, yet I frequently hear of friends whose windscreen wipers have let them down just when they were mostly needed.

To start with, I wonder if even now we have the ideal system of operation. The vacuum type which is driven by utilizing the vacuum in the induction pipe has advantages, but has many disadvantages. When the throttle is full open or nearly so the wiping arm comes almost to a standstill and I have never yet come across one where the speed of the arm was constant. Should the rubber tube fracture or leak the wiper soon gives up the ghost and in addition throws the working of the carburettor out of adjustment. The next type is that where a definite mechanical drive is taken from the transmission. In this instance the speed of the wiping arm is governed by the speed of the vehicle and is, therefore, to all intents and purposes exactly the opposite of the vacuum type. The third method of drive, or motive power, is by electricity. With this type we are able to have a constant speed, but the drawbacks are noise and under-powered motors.

I would not like to say which of the three types will eventually come out on top, but all three are capable of improvement, and I think that manufacturers of these acccssories should get busy in this direction. My own experience shows me that, judged by present standards, the windscreen wiper, which does its duty on a car without attention for 10,000 miles, is a very good instrument but exceedingly difficult to attain. My own choice is the one which employs a small electric motor, but I want more power and less noise. I should not imagine that these desirable features are difficult to obtain, but at the moment I have not found them.

If we had the stronger motor there would be no trouble in fitting an indoor wiping arm in addition to the usual one. When the inside of a saloon has a temperature in excess of that of the outside atmosphere the chances are that mist or condensation will become deposited on the inside of the windscreen, or in very cold weather, as we recently experienced, the inside of the glass rapidly becomes coated with fine powdered snow. During the recent cold spell I drove for 100 miles with my left hand on the steering wheel and my right holding a duster which I used every minute I drove for cleaning the inside of the screen as the rapidly forming snow or ice obscured my view. Had my windscreen wiper been fitted with an inside blade I could have driven in much greater comfort.



A "TORQUAY" AT TORQUAY: A Crossley Ten "Torquay" Saloon in front of the seventeenth century portion of Torre Abbey, Torquay. Since its inception, this particular Crossley model has become very popular owing to its smoothness and silent running

ONE MONTH OF HISTORY

(Continued from p. 146)

NIGHT CLUB QUEEN.—The death of MRS. KATE MEYRICK, *the Night-Club Queen*, re-called the hectic "post-War" years. Eight months earlier she had left Holloway Gaol, after serving the last of five prison sentences for breaking liquor laws. She made hundreds of thousands in profits at 43, Gerrard Street, where the same night-club persisted under varying names. Two of her six daughters married into the peerage, but continued to work in the family business. Wreaths from peers, social notorieties, actresses, taxi-drivers, and charwomen, who attended the funeral.

Further social note: MRS. JAMES CORRIGAN, the well-known American hostess, whose private cabaret and lavish parties enlivened Mayfair through so many years, went lion-hunting in East Africa!!

MONEY MAZE: MORNING AFTER CONVERSION.—Citizens with gilt-edged incomes woke up to the New Year with a morning-after feeling following the greatly successful War Loan Conversion. Some £30,000,000 a year had been saved to the nation. But most of the first year's saving had been taken by the December instalment of War Debt to America; and meanwhile the invested income of many had been reduced by more than one-quarter.

With wish fathering thought, there was the annual talk of possible income-tax reduction in the 1933 Budget. Actual tax payments fell far below those during the patriotic January of 1932, under a new National Government.

SOUTH AFRICA OFF GOLD.—The Nationalist Government of South Africa, having often sworn it would ne'er consent, consented to be forced off gold. The conditions (including a South African midsummer) were similar to those in Britain during August, 1931. Under pressure of crisis, Ministers and heads of the Civil Service, bankers, and experts rushed back from the seaside to town and office.

MR. HAVENGA, the Minister of Finance, tried to save the Government's face by stating that though gold export was prohibited, and internal payments of gold were restricted, South Africa was not technically off gold. Later he admitted *we are virtually off gold*. On which General Smuts commented, "They have taken us off gold and left us in the soup."

The South African pound dropped to par with sterling, and even below.

GOLD *v.* DEBTS.—The Preparatory Committee for the World Economic Conference, issued from Geneva a lengthy report that included the phrase, *the first task of the Conference should be to facilitate a re-establishment of a free gold standard.* The report, however, contained nothing committing Great Britain to a return to gold. It further stated that War Debts were "an insuperable barrier to economic and financial reconstruction."

From behind the Committee scenes there emerged an indication that attempts would be made to reimpose the gold standard on Great Britain in return for a revision of the War Debts. This took clearer shape in the terms of Mr. Roosevelt's invitation for British delegates to discuss financial revision in Washington. The British Cabinet showed itself sensitive to the danger in its R.S.V.P.

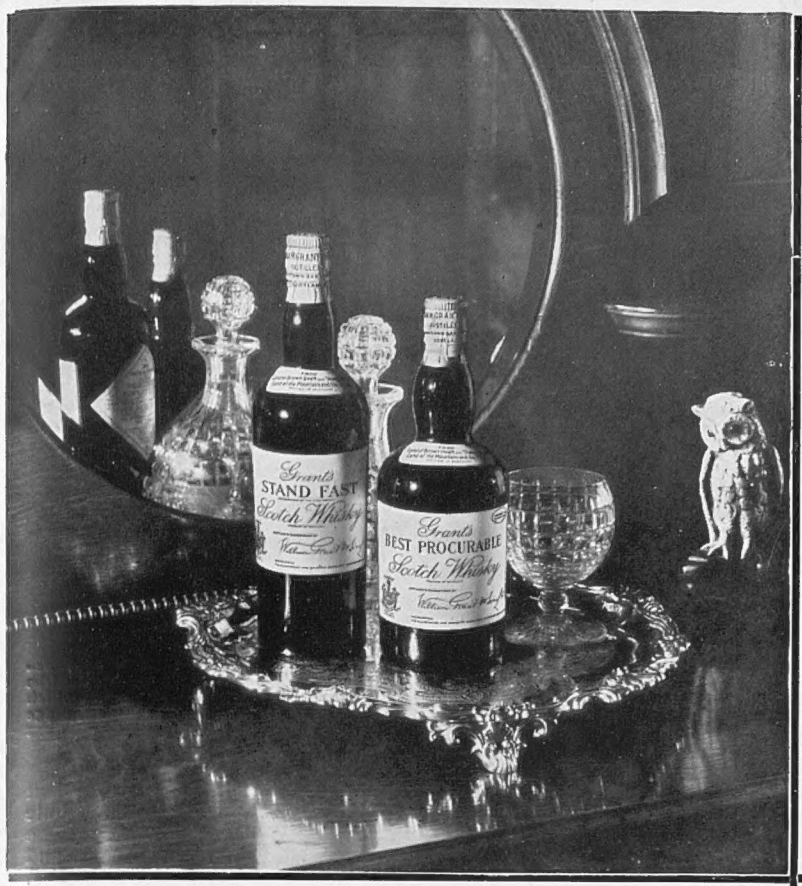
Decisions on questions which will form the agenda of the World Economic Conference, and in which other States are concerned, cannot be reached before discussions have taken place at the Conference between all the States represented there.

IN THE CITY.—Among the chairmen of Joint Stock Banks who always issue January pronunciamientos at the annual bank meetings, Mr. Reginald McKenna (Midland Bank) argued in favour of a sane inflation, and Mr. F. C. Goodenough (Barclays) declared that further payments in gold by Great Britain to America were impracticable.

Says You footnote to above—a pamphlet from the Conservative Central Office—represents Mr. Goodenough, in 1923, as having strongly backed up Mr. Baldwin's famous debt settlement.

Stock Exchange movements: gilt-edged securities, which fell slightly early in the month, rose noticeably on news of the American invitation to discuss War Debts. South Africa's departure from gold led to a definite boomlet in Kaffir shares, especially as regards the low-grade mines.

A. B.



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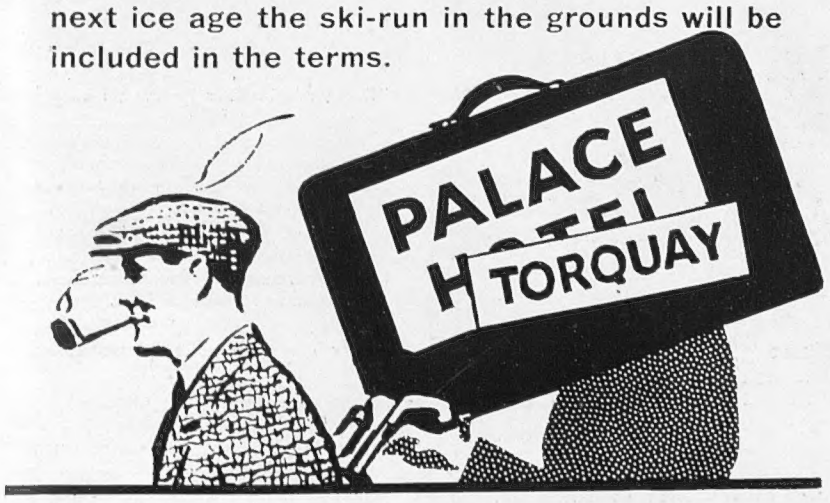
There are definite advantages, however, in staying at the Palace. For instance, you get a lot more wear from summer flannels and swimming suits. Moreover, we promise that in the next ice age the ski-run in the grounds will be included in the terms.



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P.A.22.B

NOTES and NEWS

AFTER INFLUENZA
An Aid in Convalescence

The menace of influenza lies not so much in the attack itself, but in the period of convalescence, when the slightest lack of caution on the part of the patient may give rise to grave after effects which the patient may not throw off during the rest of his or her life. The nursing and medical professions have during the present epidemic freely advocated champagne as a tonic and as an aid to building up the system.

To meet the demand Messrs. Bollinger are now shipping their special Cuvée Champagne in quarter bottles, a size which enables the patient to have a freshly opened bottle whenever a glass of wine is required.

This is a dry champagne possessing rare delicacy and bouquet, many connoisseurs considering it fully the equal of many vintage wines, while it has the additional merit of being obtainable at a moderate price.

THE TAIL-WAGGERS' CLUB
Half Million Membership Celebrated

Over 400 guests attended the Tail-Waggers' Club's celebration of its first half million membership at the Dorchester Hotel on January 20, when prominent members of the dog-world, both in London and the Home Counties, and representatives of humanitarian and philanthropic organizations honoured a cause which during the past few years has made a world-wide advance.

The guests were received at the Dorchester by Professor Sir Frederick Hobday, C.M.G., the chairman, and Captain H. E. Hobbs, founder and organizer of the Tail-Waggers' Club.

During the course of the dinner Captain Hobbs expressed his appreciation of the work done by the original volunteer staff, who, without any remuneration, had cheerfully devoted their leisure time to the ever-growing mass of detail which the club's routine involved.

The primary object of the Tail-Waggers' Club is to improve conditions under which dogs are kept, and to instruct owners in humanitarian and common-sense methods of looking after their pets by means of propaganda and personal advice. The club's address is 21/22, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

A RECORD GATHERING! One of the largest gatherings ever held at a Hunt Ball in Ireland attended the County Limerick Hunt Ball at the Stella Restaurant, Limerick, recently. The ballroom, which has only recently been brought into operation, has a magnificent parquet floor, the work of Messrs. Howard and Sons, Ltd., of Berners Street, London, W.1. It is a duplicate of floors in the Trocadero, Claridges, and the Savoy

KING FUAD'S CUP FOR POSTER DESIGNERS

The cup illustrated on this page has been presented by H.M. King Fuad the First to encourage and improve the art of poster designing as applied to touring propaganda.

The trophy, which is in 18-carat gold, will be competed for yearly, and given with the cup is a gold medal, which becomes the property of the winner.

Many features symbolical of Egypt are introduced into the design, and these include four repoussé and chased scenes depicting Egyptian travel. This cup was designed and supplied by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., 112, Regent Street, W.1.

MODERNISING EGYPT: The cup, designed and supplied by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., which King Fuad I has presented to encourage the art of poster-designing, and thus to stimulate tourism in his land

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THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

At a recent Committee Meeting of The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, the Committee, in accordance with custom, presented a sword to an old *Arethusa* boy who has just been promoted to Warrant Rank in the Royal Navy. Will readers of THE SPHERE kindly help the Society in the work of training poor boys for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

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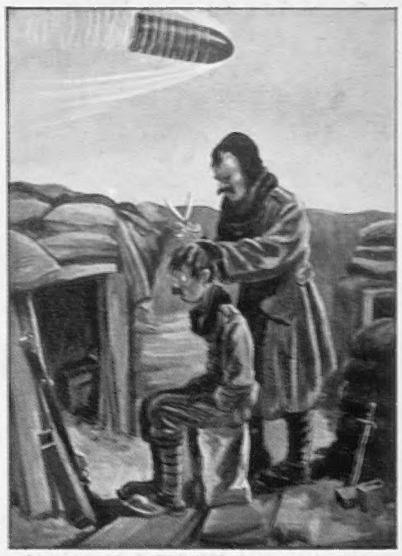

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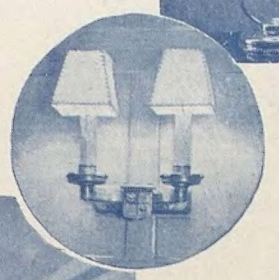

" One," said the American.

" I'm out ! "

" Up Twenty."

" Right in the face of a one card draw, eh ? I'll drop."

The Baroness had seen the young American glance at his fifth card for a split second. No one else had seen him. His expression was unchanged, a half-smile, confident. It was his turn now to bet.

" Well, I'll tell you. If the bottom card's a heart . . . I'm afraid I'll have to raise the limit. . . ."

What on earth was he doing ? His four cards were spades ! He was turning his hand, neatly packed, face-up so that only the bottom card was showing. It was a heart !

" A heart she is. Up a hundred ! "

Plop ! went three hands. The last one looked hard, considered, threw in his cards.

" I don't think you've got it, but in my day the definition of a good poker player was one who could be bluffed out."

* * * *

" They stood inches apart. Tony felt the sensuous effluvia of Laura's charm creeping over him like late shadows over a meadow. Without turning, and in a low voice, he murmured an answer to her question : " I'm in love with you ! "

A thrilling, gripping story — " FOUR FLUSHER," by Anatole Blair.

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The new series is composed of romantic cameos of long ago under the title of " STRANGE CHAPTERS IN HISTORY." *In this issue :* " CAMILLUS AND THE SCHOOL MASTER," " SPARTAN JUSTICE AND SPARTAN LOVE," " SAINT PRISCA."

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